Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 159.—Vol. XII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 19, 1906 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS MILDRED BIGELOW

Whose marriage to Mr. Newell Tilton, of Boston, will be celebrated in New York in a week or two. She is the daughter of Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, the American author

No. 159 —Vol. XII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 19, 1906

	PAGE
Frontispiece	591
Bystander Comments	593
The Topictator	595
The World's Pageant	598
A Queen of Many Moods: "Carmen Sylva"	601
A Coming Royal Rendezvous	602
Lord Iveagh—Philanthropist	604
Princes "Sandford and Merton" of Germany	605
Round the Town	606
The Savoy Itself Again	608
Paris Week by Week	610
The Awakening of China	613
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 53.—"The Intervention of the Cherub." By Noel Jocelyn	618
Where Christmas is Christmas ...	621
At a Mixed Party	624
"Bystander Everywhere" Competition ...	625
By Field, Stream, and Covert	626
Versatile Sportswomen: II.—Miss Toupée Lowther	629
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	630
The Library	631
Games and Pastimes	634
Automobile Topics	638
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	642
A Woman's Note Book	X

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQ. THE DÉBUTANTE.
New Grand Ballet.
MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE, Premiere Danseuse.
GEORGE LASHWOOD. And Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Pinafore Library. — "The Travelling Companions." "Who's Who in Fairyland." "The Fairy Doll." "Christina's Fairy Book." "Highways and Byways in Fairyland." (Alston Rivers: 6*d.* net each.)

"Sessional Big Ben Ballads." By Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ames. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.* net.)

"Ancient and Modern Ships." Parts I. and II. By Sir George C. V. Holmes. (Board of Education.)

"The Story of Stanley." By Vautiér Golding. (Jack: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Guy of Warwick." By H. E. Marshall. (Jack: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Flowers Shown to the Children." By Janet Harvey Kelman. (Jack: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Historia Amoris." By Edgar Saltus. (Sisley's: 5*s.* net.)

"Firelight Fancies." By Wallace B. Nichols. (The Tallis Press: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Stories from the Odyssey." By Jeanie Lang. (Jack: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"How to Keep Well." By Dr. C. Stanford Read. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Story of Robert Bruce." By Jeanie Lang. (Jack: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Birds Shown to the Children." By M. K. C. Scott. (Jack: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Letters of Literary Men." By Frank Arthur Mumby. (Routledge: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Black Tulip." By Alexandre Dumas. The Lotus Library. (Greening: 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Outer Darkness." By R. H. Wright. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Second Bloom." By Helen Porter. (Greening: 6*s.*)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO

Continental Residents.

THE

"BYSTANDER"

Can be obtained at all the principal Railway Stations, Bookstalls, Booksellers, and Kiosks in PARIS, on the RIVIERA, in EGYPT, SWITZERLAND, ITALY, GERMANY, and AUSTRIA.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 19, 1906

Now that the Workmen's Compensation Bill is to embrace the maid-servant, the duties of the master of the house will be considerably lightened.

* * *

"Many a man has been indebted to me for a helping hand out of a pecuniary difficulty," confesses Miss Corelli in the *Rapid Review*. Since this article appeared, I understand, the force of postmen at Stratford-on-Avon has had to be trebled to cope with the bags of begging letters addressed to Mason Croft.

* * *

Lord Carrington was, last week, "At Home" to the farmers at the Board of Agriculture, and the affair would have been a great success but for the fact that his lordship was—At Home (with influenza).

* * *

If they could describe the latest Garrick production as just "Macbouch," it would save space—and explain lots.

* * *

I understand that, in deference to the wishes of our deliciously *naïf* contemporary, *The Throne*, the boxers at the National Sporting Club will for the future be forbidden to hit below the scalp. The price of admission will be reduced from 1*s*. to 6*d*.

* * *

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, of New York, states that it is "idiotic to buy clothes in Paris." We all know the Paris latitude, but, still, it is not the latitude of the Wogga-Wogga Islands.

* * *

"The *Daily Mail* Edition for the Blind" sounds a little cumbrous. Why not just the *Brailly Mail*—or the *Daily Braille?*

* * *

The *Reader* did well with an article entitled, "Shakespeare as a Dog Fancier," and I hope it will run a series. "Shelley as a Chauffeur" might do, followed by "Tennyson as a Tennis Player" and "Swinburne as a Springbok."

* * *

When so many of us are feeling that incomes are becoming smaller with the growing stress of competition, it is reassuring to learn that Mr. Rockefeller's has increased to £12,000,000 this year.

* * *

I notice in the *Daily Express* "footer-graphs" that different kinds of lines represent kicking, dribbling, and running; but I would point out to the author that he has provided no equivalent for "hard lines."

* * *

A Recommendation!

MANAGING DIRECTOR: "Well, and what are your qualifications for the post of night-watchman?"

APPLICANT: "Well, sir, for one thing, the least noise wakes me up!"

(DRAWN BY SAVILE LUMLEY)

The Chinese Telegraphic Association announces that telegraphic communication with Kirin, Etungchow, and Chang-chun is now open. BYSTANDER correspondents will be immediately appointed to these cities.

* * *

A Leeds constable testified last week that he timed a chauffeur who was travelling in a car at the rate of 1,382$^{6}/_{7}$ miles an hour. The defence was a total denial.

* * *

If the Theosophical Society is to be taken seriously, the reincarnated spirit of St. Augustine may have to be educated without extended facilities.

* * *

A DEFINITION: Memory—Brain's clerk.

* * *

The Peace Prize has been awarded to President Roosevelt. Further awards in the same gay Yuletide spirit are that of the Brotherly Love Prize to Maxim Gorki, the Longanimity Prize to Mr. Lloyd-George, the Modesty Prize to Mr. H. G. Wells, the Fortitude Prize to Mr. Lever, the Patience Prize to Miss Corelli, the Prudence Prize to Miss Pankhurst, and the Wisdom Prize to Lord Townshend.

* * *

Two posters seen side by side in the Strand:—

THE STAR — MR. HUGH WATT MARRIED AGAIN	LONDON OPINION — AN OBJECT-LESSON TO WOMEN

RACING NOTIONS

THE STREET BETTING BILL. BY "CARBINE"

What Will the Bookmakers Do?

It is difficult to foretell the precise effect of the new law regarding betting. At present the street bookmaker is perfectly reconciled to being periodically summoned before the local Court and mulcted in £5. He has come to recognise it as one of the inevitable phases of the game, and it says something for the profits of his business that the "fiver" is always forthcoming. But things will be quite different after the New Year. The first time the bookie is convicted the fine will be £10, the second time £20, and on the third or subsequent occasion the magistrate will have the power to send him to prison without the option of a fine. In view of this lively time ahead, the street bookmaker is carefully weighing up the situation. What shall he do? The simple way of abandoning the business altogether naturally does not appeal to him. Some other means is sure to be tried first. A number of the fraternity, no doubt, will resolve rather desperately to take the big risk. Others will merely go to the racecourses and begin work in the rings. Another section will open "offices"; but this will be a last resource to many, for it means betting on credit, and the average client of the street bookmaker is not an individual who can be trusted very far to gamble on credit.

The Principle Involved

"Money down" has hitherto been the watchword of the street bookmaker, and I am inclined to think that the principle is just as good for his customers as for him, because the stern necessity of betting in cash must very often prevent a man from chancing more than he can afford to lose. It is quite feasible to suppose that the credit system, which is sure to develop in consequence of the provisions of the new Betting Bill, will cause many people to gamble much more heavily than they would do in the ordinary way under the conditions now existing. Thus the objects of this Bill will be immediately defeated, and the last state of the betting question will be worse than the first. Personally, I find it very hard to believe that the habitual customers of the street bookmaker will be stopped from betting. Their desire to back their fancy will not be stifled by the mere passing of this Bill, and they are sure to find some way of meeting the difficulty. The gambling instinct is, I am afraid, bred in most of us, and an outlet for it will probably still be found by those affected by the new Act. Backing horses away from the course is at best a very poor, unexciting sort of game, and street bookmakers and their customers do not inspire the slightest sympathy; but the principle of the thing is involved, and I do not suppose that the anti-gambling brigade will be content with this initial success.

Recent Steeplechasing

Steeplechasing has not been wildly exciting during the past few weeks, but things are sure to improve after Christmas, when horses must be much fitter than the majority have been up to the present, and form will be a great deal more reliable. Last week there were plenty of surprises, but it was at least satisfactory to see Cinders maintain her fine form, and there seems to be every likelihood of Mr. T. Clyde's young mare making a very big name. At the week-end the Lingfield Park meeting produced uninteresting sport, fields being small, as a rule, and the quality mediocre. On Saturday, the Stewards' Handicap looked a really good thing for Witney, but, apparently, he did not like the heavy going, for he ran a long way below his proper form, and finished a very bad third to Orgueil, who, on the the preceding day, had been beaten by Sexton. Much the best finish of the day was between Nonex and The Chief, and Mr. Aubrey Hastings, the hero of last season's Grand National, failed by half a length to get home on the last named.

This Week's Meetings

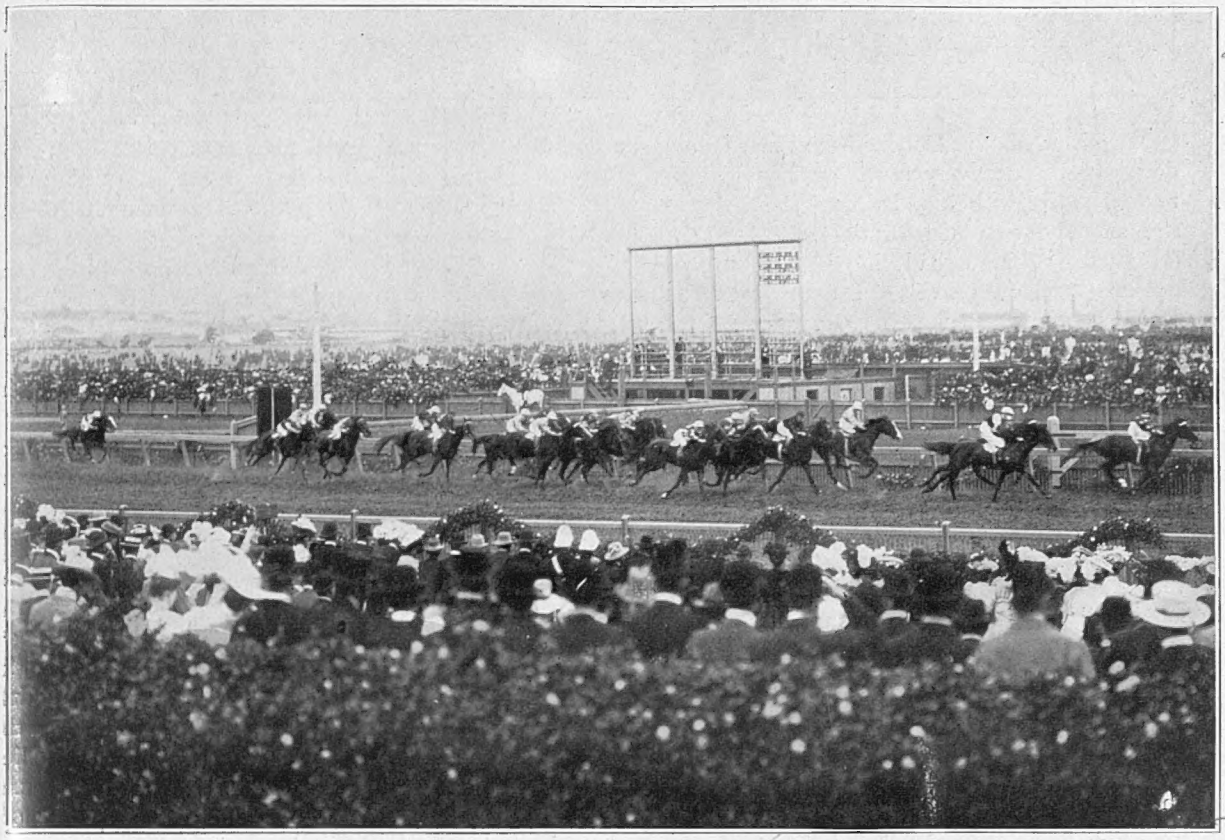
The Newbury Meeting is much the best of the present week, and, given anything like fair weather, is certain to be one of the most successful of the season. Newbury has the advantage of a splendid railway service, and the accommodation for visitors is quite of the best. Moreover, the programme is arranged on a more ambitious scale than is usual at this period of the year, and that, of course, attracts not only better horses, but larger attendances. On Wednesday, Cinders has been given 13st. in the Andover Steeplechase, and though it is very seldom we see races won under that crushing weight, the mare has performed so wonderfully lately that I think she will be capable of carrying it successfully. If her owner declines the test, Conari will probably win the race. Domino is likewise set a big task in the Berks Hurdle Handicap, but here my fancy is **Alyth**, while **Whitechapel** may take the Hants Hurdle Race. My selection at Windsor is **Turbine** for the Three-year-old Hurdle Race on Saturday.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Owing to Christmas arrangements, our next week's issue, dated December 26, will be published on Friday, December 21. Readers, therefore, should see that they get their copy before the Christmas Holidays

Racing "Down Under"

THE MELBOURNE CUP, THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE AUSTRALASIAN TURF



The Great Race of November 6 last: At the first "turn round"

Photos *Topical Agency*

Scene on the Course: Crowd witnessing the arrival of the Governor-General, Lord Northcote

The Melbourne Cup—which is run in November every year, that being Spring in the Antipodes—is by far the largest and most brilliant race meeting in Greater Britain. It was founded in 1861, and the amount of the prizes varies—last year being £18,930. The number and amount of the sweepstakes organised for this race exceeds that of any other meeting in the world. As a spectacle, the spectators are as interesting as the racing, for the "Cup" is visited by Australians from every part of the Continent, and of every class. This year there were 90,000 spectators. Poseidon won by three lengths

Muriel and the Moderns

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

V.—THE JOURNALISTIC AMBITIONS OF A DUCHESS

My sister, Lady Crayke—she married a now deceased baronet very much against his will, and refused to live with him because she didn't see why she should—welcomed Muriel and I to Brighton delightedly, after I had inquired if it would be possible to change hotels. I never did like the big structure Flo had chosen. Her ladyship is very partial to a cosmopolitan environment. For myself, no one can appeal to my sense of humour who has not had a University education, but women are slaves to personalities.

As I fully expected, we had to spend the best part of our time in the society of the insatiables. The Constables, the Duchess of Stockwell, Mrs. Jim Lloyd, Brackenbury, a new arrival, called Rosentz, very clean and tidy for a Jew, and Mollison, an editor, looking like a rather artistic solicitor, dined nearly every evening together.

Duchess of Stockwell has a Scheme

The Duchess had a new scheme on hand, nothing less than the launching of another Society paper. She was to edit, I understood, and publish just what she liked, but Mollison was to be managing editor, accept all responsibility for errors, and explain things to the shareholders if the venture did not pay. I don't think Mollison quite realised this, but I am sure the Duchess did. The paper, she told us, was to be genuinely original. Only people who knew what they were talking about would contribute. I seemed to have heard of a similar practice prevailing at the headquarters of other periodicals, but I kept the knowledge to myself. It would have been cruel to have damped the Duchess's enthusiasm. The price of the magazine was to be one guinea per month, with a Paris hat as a supplement. Mollison did not at all favour the hat idea, but he was over-ruled by the Duchess, Lady Flo, and Mrs. Jim in committee.

To one of these committee meetings in the Duchess's sitting-room we were all invited, and as it was a wet afternoon we went. Over tea, whisky, and cigarettes the Duchess unfolded her plans.

Arranging the Staff

"I'm going to write the editorials, of course," said she, "and six pages of tiddley-iddley about the notorieties. Flo is doing the frillies, and Mr. Rosentz the Stock Exchange. Oh, and the Paris correspondent's letter is to be published in French. I always think impropriety loses tone in translation. Mrs. Jim is reviewing the books and plays and music and so on, and we thought of asking Lord Dampier to do the sporting business. Don't you think it sounds promising?"

"Who is going to read it?" asked Lady Constable.

"And who is going to buy it?" added her husband.

"And are all subscribers compelled to wear the Paris hat," I inquired nervously.

"Wouldn't it be better if you modelled it on entirely new lines?" asked Muriel.

"Aren't you going to have some smoking-room stories on the front page?" queried Mr. Brackenbury.

"Think of the expense," said Constable. "Think of the wages you would have to pay."

"There are always strikes in connection with these things," cheerfully remarked Lady Constable.

"I don't want to discourage you," said Brackenbury, "but the newsagents would certainly boycott it if only on account of the hats."

Muriel's Suggestion

"Nobody buys such magazines nowadays except the indifferently prosperous who want to feel in touch with the indifferently smart," remarked Muriel. "If you want to make a really new journalistic departure, why not start a penny weekly magazine, entitled, *Misery*. Advertise it as the most wretched, most morbid publication on earth. People, I truly believe, are sick of the plethora of what are known as 'smart' and 'bright' magazines. The English are not a 'bright' nation. Murder and suicide on a newspaper contents bill draw far more halfpennies than a report of the Lord Mayor's Show, typical though the latter is of British gaiety. Introduce the best-paying feature of the newspaper into your new magazine. Let there be misery and iniquity on every page. Rub in the increase in the death-rate in every spare corner, end all your short stories with sudden death, edge all undertakers' advertisements with a mourning border. If you must have competitions, let them take the form of severely literary essays on doom, darkness, and decay. Publish nothing but X-ray photographs of prominent people, that they may become acquainted with the shape of their skeletons. Review only solidly miserable fiction and plays, and all medical text-books. Tabulate the poisons that exist in every commodity sold for human consumption, and demonstrate the deadliness of the bacilli that lurk in the freshest air. You might give away bottles of morphia with your Christmas Number, and even let 'The Sorrows of Satan' run serially in your pages. Sprinkle your poetic section with sonnets on tuberculosis, triolets on cremation, and, certainly, bind the publication in black, with, perhaps, a wreath of immortelles in the bottom left-hand corner."

Into Liquidation

A terrible gloom had settled on the company, but I fancied that I detected a sympathetic twinkle in the eye of Mr. Mollison. I was right. He suddenly leant forward and said: "Suppose we break up into——" and then he laughed outright. And then everybody laughed, and—broke up into bridge sets. I went out and walked up and down the Palace Pier, where I saw an old gentleman giggling to himself.

The Topictator

LITTLE MISS BILL AND THE BOLDBADBARONS.
A PANTOMIME SCENARIO

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MISTRESS EDUCATION BILL
NURSE BIDRELL
PRINCE LAW
THE FAIRY COMPROMISE
BARONS — GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT.
VARLETS — SORRY.

I BEHOLD MISS BILL, HER PARENTS PRIDE AND JOY. OUR HEROINE — THO' 'BILL' SOUNDS LIKE A BOY— WHO, WITH HER FAITHFUL NURSE, SETS OUT UPON A MOST MOMENTOUS EX-PE-DIT-I-ON.

II. ACROSS THE COMMONS THEN THEY MAKE THEIR WAY WITH NAUGHT TO FEAR AND NONE TO SAY THEM NAY ONLY A PALTRY TWO OR THREE OBTUSE AND SORRY KNAVES WHO MERELY SHOUT ABUSE

III. THESE SAFELY PASSED AT LENGTH THEY REACH THE WOOD WHERE WICKED BARONS DWELL—THO' SOME ARE GOOD— TWO UNDERTAKE TO SEE HER SAFELY THROUGH (ONE IS CALLED 'RIPON' AND THE OTHER 'CREWE')

VI. ALL ON A SUDDEN, FROM A NEIGHB'RING TREE, DROPS THE GOOD FAIRY 'COMPROMISE' AND SHE USING HER FAIRY ARTS AS FAIRIES SHOULD PREVAILS AND MISS BILL PASSES THROUGH THE WOOD

IV. SCARCE HAVE THEY GONE A THIRD — A TERTIUM QUID — OF THEIR NEW ROAD WHEN SUDDENLY A HID— —EOUS CLAMOUR RISES AND THEIR WAY IS BARRED BY BOLD BAD BARONS — STERN, SEVERE AND HARD.

V. WITH LOUD 'HA! HA!' 'FORSOOTH' AND 'PON ME WORD' THEY CRITICIZE MISS BILL — YOU NEVER HEARD SUCH RUDE REMARKS. ALAS! AMONG THE CHURLS WERE THOSE WHO SHOULD BE KIND TO LITTLE GIRLS

VII. AH! HERE AT LAST THE HANDSOME PRINCE WE SEE AND SHE NO LONGER 'BILL' BUT 'LAW' WILL BE AND DO MUCH GOOD (PERHAPS — WE CAN'T BE CERTAIN.) HERE, AN IT PLEASE YOU, WE WILL DROP THE CURTAIN

FRANK GILLETT

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Suffragist Dinner

With Mrs. Fawcett in the chair, the leaders of the Suffragist movement dined last week at the Savoy in order to welcome those of their number who have lately been incarcerated in Holloway Gaol. These eight "martyrs" to the cause were seated to the right and the left of the chair, Mrs. Cobden Saunderson and Miss Billington having the places of honour next the chairman, or, rather, chairlady. To the "martyrs," too, were allotted most of the gentlemen of the party, including Sir Charles McLaren, M.P., Mr. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Cobden Saunderson, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Professor Hudson, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Sir J. Cockburn. Mrs. Fawcett, in a long speech from the chair, declared that by suffering imprisonment and hardship those ladies who had been to prison had set an example of idealism, which was the greatest service they could have rendered to the cause. They had fanned into living flame that spark of idealism without which no cause could ever hope to succeed, and without which Mr. Haldane had lately said no British soldier could be at his best.

* * *

Means Justified by Ends

As for the law which they had broken, it was one in which nothing more important than the etiquette of the House of Commons was concerned. By their conduct there had been no contempt of those fundamental statutes on which the liberty of nations depend. Their sole object in breaking the law had been to draw attention to the Woman's Suffrage cause in the House of Commons, where some four hundred Members sent to support it were very slow in fulfilling their pledges. Success to the cause was then proposed by Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Isabella Ford, and, in response, Mrs. Cobden Saunderson said that as soon as women had the vote they would devote themselves to the reform of such Bastilles as Holloway Prison.

* * *

The King as a Farmer

The King was awarded no fewer than thirty-two prizes at the one hundred and eighth annual fat stock show of the Smithfield Club, which took place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, last week, and which forms so good an excuse for an annual jaunt to London to those agriculturists from the Shires, of whose troubles we hear so much, but who, it must be confessed, seem to thrive in apparent comfort on their own particular form of trouble. The Smithfield Show is one which His Majesty has rarely failed to attend ever since he was quite a little boy, and an ancient shepherd at the Show last week was heard to remark that he remembered the King coming to the Cattle Show (then held at the old Horse Bazaar in Baker Street) with his father, the Prince Consort, in the year 1854. On this last visit he was received by his son, the Prince of Wales, who, as the retiring President, officiated in that capacity for the first time, and who is succeeded in the presidency by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, a member of the club of no less than forty years standing.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Miss Elizabeth Robins

A literary bulwark of the cause of Woman's Suffrage. She is one of the committee which arranged the suffragists' banquet at the Savoy last week

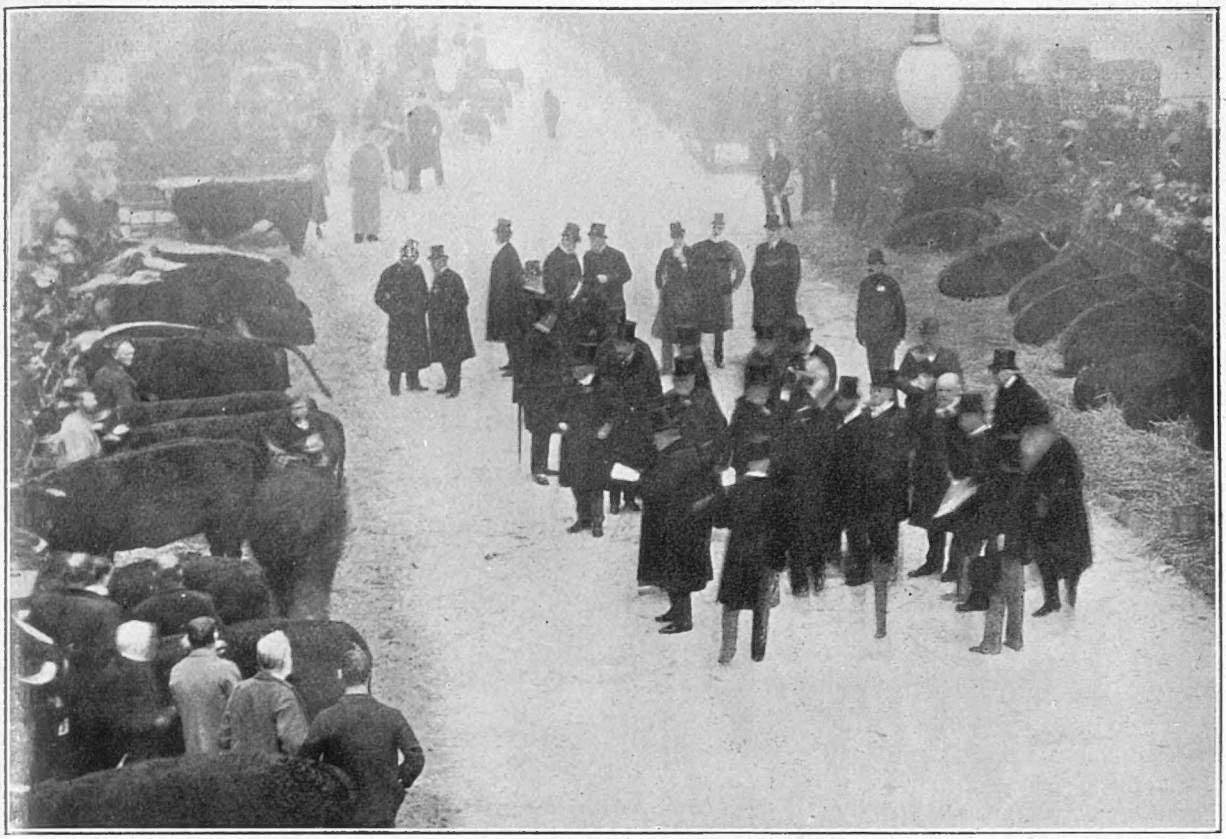
* * *

Two American Weddings

For an American girl, for *two* American girls, both of whom have had seasons in Europe, to marry men of their own nationality is a most unusual thing. So exceptional is it that I understand the hitherto neglected American man, who was only fallen back on when Englishmen failed to propose, is beginning to feel quite perky. Two of Mrs. Poulteney Bigelow's daughters are marrying Americans; one, in fact, has already done so, and the other, the Miss Mildred Bigelow whose picture we publish, is to marry Mr. Newell Tilton, a Bostonian, in a few weeks' time. For more than half a century the name of Bigelow has been well-known in Europe. The Hon. John Bigelow, the bride's grandfather, was United States Minister to Paris under the third Napoleon, and his wife made a great reputation for her wit and cleverness, while Mrs. Poulteney Bigelow was formerly equally prominent in Berlin. Of the two sisters, the elder, Miss Evelyn Bigelow, who married Mr. Aloysius last week, is the best known in England. Miss Mildred Bigelow has been a great deal in Paris, where she studied painting with enthusiasm. She is to be married in New York from the house of her aunt, Mrs. Borden Harriman.

King Edward as a Farmer

HIS MAJESTY'S CATTLE ON SHOW, AND HIS SHEEP FOR SALE



The King inspecting the cattle at the Smithfield Show

His Majesty again won the Championship with the Southdowns from Sandringham

Photo] **Sale of the King's sheep at Slough** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Sales of the King's fat stock from the Royal farms at Windsor took place at the Slough Christmas Cattle Show last week, and attracted buyers from all parts of the country. His Majesty sent thirty-three very prime Devon and Hereford bullocks and heifers, 284 choice Hampshire and Southdown wethers and tegs, and eighty-three bacon hogs and porkers. They realised a total of £2,586. The King's bullocks alone fetched £1,166, and the sheep £935

Christmas House-Parties

Christmas Parties

The habit of spending the festive season as far removed from the family circle as possible, in an hotel or something of the kind, is, it would seem, the prerogative of that class which, being very rich, becomes divorced from its own—the middle—and being very, well, middle, is divorced from those classes we designate "Upper." Of course, I except the multi-millionaires. They come and go where and how they will, even within the very gates of the sanctuary, and Christmas, in the house of the very multi-millionaire, really *is* rather a fairy tale. Diamond brooches lurk in every cracker, pearls in every finger-bowl, footmen simply swarm in most unlikely places, and a basket of freshly gathered strawberries is the invariable accompaniment of one's morning tea.

* * *

Some Parties

At Chatsworth, Christmas is kept in good old style. An enormous Christmas tree, a huge dinner, magnificent presents, much merriment, always theatricals, and inevitably Bridge, serve to make time pass very gaily indeed at Chatsworth. The party, of course, is of an entirely different *genre* to that, for instance, which is to assemble at Dalkeith, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and which will consist of three generations of Montagu-Douglas-Scotts, varying in age from a few months to some eighty years. At Wynyard Lord and Lady Londonderry's party is a very "smart" one indeed; at Knowsley, Lord and Lady Derby are entertaining; at Rufford, Lord and Lady Savile; at Kelburne, the Earl and Countess of Glasgow; at Beaufort Castle, Lady Lovat is entertaining for her son, Lord Lovat; and at Mount Stuart, the young Marquis and Marchioness of Bute have a family party. Christmas is kept in fine old style by the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale at Yester; and, of course, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck will have parties chiefly of young people.

* * *

At Elizabethan Burghley

At Burghley House, Northamptonshire, Lord and Lady Exeter will have a party for Christmas and for shooting, but their little children, of course, are as yet rather too young to take great part in the proceedings. They have two, a daughter and a little son, Lord Burghley, who takes his name from his father's Northamptonshire seat. The Marquis is himself only just thirty, and he looks about twenty. A large landowner, he lives on his land, and interests himself in everything pertaining thereto, especially the breeding of prize cattle. It is a quite interesting historical fact that the Marquises of Exeter and Salisbury are both descended from the Lord Burghley who was Queen Elizabeth's Secretary of State, and whose two sons were made respectively Earl of Exeter and Earl of Salisbury. To-day, the Marquises of Exeter and Salisbury possess the two finest Elizabethan houses in England. Both were erected at about the same time. Both contain untold treasure in the way of beautiful old furniture and valuable pictures, and both stand in lovely, luxuriantly timbered parks. Burghley, however, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, contains one treasure which is absent from Hatfield, and that is the collection of huge gilt dishes, the perquisites of successive Earls and Marquises of Exeter as Hereditary Grand Almoners. Lady Exeter is the only daughter of Lord Bolton and a grand-daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

The Marchioness of Exeter
Who entertains at Burghley House, Northants, during Christmas

* * *

A Christmas Party in Ireland

Lord and Lady Kilmorey intend spending a family Christmas in Ireland with their only daughter, Lady Cynthia Needham, who is as yet chiefly known to fame as the heroine of several nasty accidents. Lord Kilmorey, who, of course, was much to the fore at the Savoy first night the other day, it will, perhaps, be remembered, succeeded, at his grandfather's death, to a large estate in Down. He has, however, disposed of almost the whole of it to his tenants under the Wyndham Land Act. Lord Kilmorey, who has, as his friends say, his own views on most subjects, is trying to get up a Jubilee celebration for Charles Santley, and he is also, at the present time, descanting to his friends on the merits of an original tall hat which he has invented and which he is wearing. It is made of cloth, and yet has a silky nap, and it defies the elements with, so its inventor claims, complete success.

A QUEEN OF MANY MOODS

"CARMEN SYLVA," QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, AT HER FAVOURITE HOBBIES

The Queen illuminating a picture in her studio

Typewriting a MS. in her library. (Note the bust of the King on her left)

At present, of course, Her Majesty's sole preoccupation is at the bedside of her husband, King Charles, whose illness continues grave

Photos

Sewing for a charity

Chusseau-Flaviens

Playing the piano as accompanist to a 'cellist

"Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, is not content with merely being a Queen. She is also an author, a poet, a musician, and an artist, while many are her philanthropic enterprises, the latest being the establishment of a colony for the blind

A Coming Royal Rendezvous

Roumania's Language and Its Queen

Owing to the serious illness of the King, and a possible dynastic crisis in Roumania, that country is likely to loom somewhat large in the public eye in the near future. I wonder, by the way, if many people realise how very similar the Roumanian language is to Italian and French. Indeed, anyone with an elementary knowledge of Latin is perfectly well able to read Roumanian intelligently. This reminds me of the English tourist who, on his first visit to France, wished to leave his luggage at the station while he went for a walk round the town. Thinking that a Frenchman would naturally understand Latin, he called a porter to him, and pointing to his trunk, said, "*Requiescat in pace, Resurgam,*" with the desired effect! But to return to Roumania. The best-known figure in that country is undoubtedly its Queen-poetess - author - philanthropist, "Carmen Sylva." On another page I am reproducing several photographs illustrative of the various occupations and hobbies of this Queen of many moods. As an author and poet she naturally makes use of that indispensable literary machine, the typewriter, but she does not on this account neglect the other arts of embroidery and needle-work. As a musician her talents are far in advance of those of the average amateur.

Her latest charitable enterprise is the foundation of a colony for the blind, of which I gave a few particulars some weeks ago.

* * *

The Spanish Riviera

The sentimental interest which, last year, owing to the Spanish courtship, attached itself to Biarritz and hung over it a world-watched cloud of glory, will, this year, of course, be absent, but the indefinable and yet most obvious charm of this most favoured spot on the Spanish Riviera remains. It is astonishing, really, how inevitably and invariably the lotus-eaters of the world foregather on this long ribbon-like strip of land which borders, first the Mediterranean and then, after an interval, the Bay of Biscay. Cannes, Monte Carlo, Nice, Hyères, and, further East, the new Royal resort, Biarritz; all these are devoted, body and soul, to the absorbing business of pleasure, and in no other portion of the world is business so whole-heartedly pursued. Biarritz, of course, really owes its present giddy position on the topmost pinnacle of Fashion's fickle favour to the German and Swiss tourists and the half-world of Paris and Vienna, even of London, which so persistently gathers on the French Riviera. I have spent two hours at a stretch in the rooms of the Casino at Monte Carlo, and, during that time, heard no language but German, except from the croupiers. The German, too, was very evident from the lips of "*sehr gewöhnliche Leute,*" from people one could not possibly mistake for anything but what they were, *i.e.* good honest burghers from Frankfort and Berlin. The French Riviera, therefore, for the exclusives and the Royalties — even the Russian Royalties — is no longer possible. They have flown elsewhere, to Egypt, to India, or nearer home, to Biarritz.

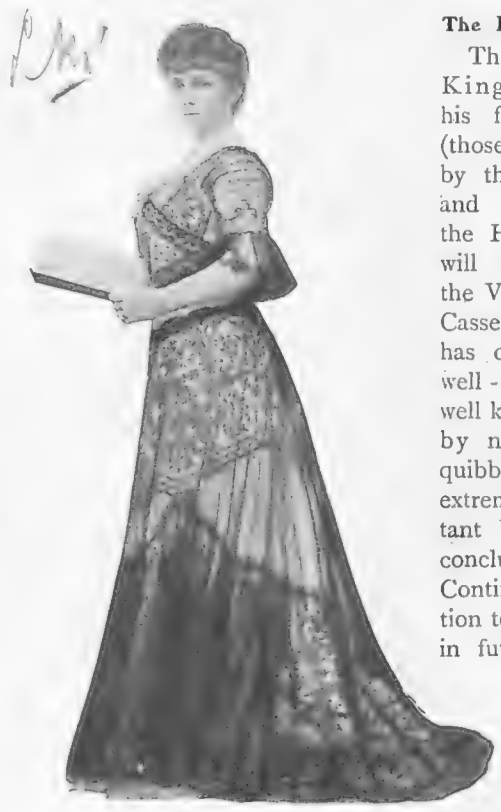


Photo *Alice Hughes*

The Countess O'Brien

A visitor to Biarritz, whose husband, Count O'Brien, has just bought Mr. Younger's beautiful villa, "Rocamora"

* * *

The King at Biarritz

The announcement that the King, instead of occupying his former suite of apartments (those which were once occupied by the late Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie) in the Hotel du Palais, at Biarritz, will take up his quarters at the Villa Bellefontaine, Sir Ernest Cassel's beautiful park-girt house, has occasioned no surprise. In well-informed quarters it was well known that the King, though by no manner of means a quibbler in these matters, was extremely dissatisfied at the exorbitant bills presented him on the conclusion of his various visits to Continental hotels, and his resolution to leave those on the Riviera, in future, as nearly as possible alone, and to reside in a villa, is the outcome of his dissatisfaction. The privilege of "paying through the nose" (if I may indulge in a colloquialism) is one of the prerogatives and privileges of Royalty. To protest at an overcharge, however flagrant, is undignified. To decline to pay, impossible. The spectacle of a Royal Chamberlain arguing hotly with the lady who keeps the books over the exact number of, say, baths taken by his Royal Master or Royal Mistress would be in no way edifying. Nothing, therefore, remains but to pay up and look pleasant and—to return no more.

* * *

The Three Seasons

There are three distinct seasons in Biarritz. There is the Spanish, which opens in September, then the Russian, and lastly the English, which is at its height in March, and during which one may see any night of the week in Ritz's famous restaurant a very fair selection of that fine flower of the British aristocracy which we read about in books. Already a whole Russian contingent is assembled there, amongst them the Grand Duke Alexander and the Grand Duchess Xenia,

On the Spanish Riviera

INTERESTING PEOPLE AT BIARRITZ, WHERE THE KING GOES IN THE NEW YEAR

The Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia
Wife of the Grand Duke Alexander, and a sister of the Tsar

The Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch (second cousin of the Tsar)
President of the recently created department of Mercantile Marine

Count O'Brien
Wearing the uniform of the Real Order de Cavalleria de Santiago

Supplied by *Press Picture Agency*

The Countess de Gontaut-Biron (née Leishmann)
Whose husband is the Master of the Biarritz Foxhounds

Biarritz is the first of the "Riviera" resorts to attract the Smart Set, whose annual exodus begins while less smart people are trying to overcome the manifold merriments of Christmas at home. This year, the season bids fair to be exceptionally brilliant. The King will stay at Sir Ernest Cassel's Villa Bellefontaine, and *not* at an hotel; and the above four are only a rubber selected from a very large list of Royal, Imperial, noble, aristocratic, and smart people now staying on the Spanish Riviera

Lord Iveagh—Journalist

a daughter of the late Tsar, and the only one of his children whose marriage he witnessed, the Prince and Princess Bariatinsky, and Prince and Princess Gagarin. Already, too, what has been called "the smartest thing in smart Biarritz," the first *Rendezvous de chasse au Renard*, has taken place, and Comte Louis de Gontaut-Biron, the popular Master, and his American wife (a daughter of the Hon. J. G. Leishmann, United States Ambassador to Turkey), who are both foremost in the gaieties of Biarritz, are much in requisition. Three meets take place each week, and the King, in the Spring of this year, attended several, and, apparently, much enjoyed them. The Comtesse Louis de Gontaut-Biron combines with her social qualifications a great liking for golf, and in this she is joined by the Princesse Guy de Lucigne-Faucigny, another *habitué* of Biarritz, and the Conde and Condesa O'Brien, whose portraits we are enabled to publish, and who have just bought Mr. Younger's villa, "Rocamora."

* * *

Golf at Biarritz

Golf, of course, at Biarritz, with the Earl of Dudley for captain, and Lady Tennant, the wife of Sir Charles Tennant, as captain of the ladies' committee, is, next to the *chasse*, the most popular pastime of the day. To go and have tea at the Golf Club is a recognised feature of Biarritz life, and a feature which also the King several times carried into effect on his last visit. The Hambro family, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Elcho, Lord Eldon, Lord Dudley, Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell, Mr. Denys, and Mr. Osmond Scott are amongst the most prominent golfers; but, as a recent visitor remarked, the difficulty is to meet someone in Biarritz who does not play, or attempt to play, the noble game.

* * *

The Turned Worm

The Marquis de Soveral, who is shortly going to Lisbon, will make a short stay at Biarritz on the way. The Marquis, as everyone knows, smiles under the reputation of being the most amiable, the most courteous, and courtier-like of men. A certain personage, however, succeeded (if that was his endeavour) in almost ruffling what has up to now been considered the utterly imperturbable serenity of the Marquis de Soveral. At a recent dinner, or rather, to be strictly accurate, *after* a recent dinner, the aforesaid personage, with a most persistent persistency, kept chaffing the Portuguese Minister on Portugal's lack of ships. The Marquis bore smilingly with this dubious witticism for quite a little time, and with a more than Southern fortitude too, but at last he said, "But, of course, if one has no ships, one takes care not to make the admission; just as if, for instance, one has no manners."

* * *

The Millionaire Hosts of the King

The villa which Sir Ernest Cassel has placed at the disposal of the King for his holiday in the South is one of the most beautiful in Biarritz. Brook House, in Park Lane, which Sir Ernest Cassel has bought from Lord Tweedmouth, when the alterations and additions which he is carrying out are complete, bids fair to be quite one of the most palatial houses in London. Sir Ernest paid, it is said, something like £50,000 for it, and he, at the same time, bought the house next door in Upper Brook Street to use almost entirely as servants' quarters. Sir Ernest Cassel, indeed, may be said to be chiefly known to the man in the street as the giver of huge sums to different charities and as the host of the King and the King's friends at Moulton Paddocks, Newmarket, in Grosvenor Square, and at Biarritz. He gave, it will be remembered, the £200,000 with which the Midhurst Sanatorium for Consumption was instituted. He gave £40,000 for the investigation of eye diseases in Egypt, and it is in part to Sir Ernest Cassel that we owe that convenient institution the Twopenny Tube. Like his august friend the King, Sir Ernest's chief joy lies in racing. He is a self-made man, the son of a German banker. He started life at the desk as a clerk on fewer shillings a week than now he has millions of pounds. He is a multi-millionaire and a widower.

Photo **Lord Iveagh** *Lafayette*

Who entertained the Prince of Wales last week, and who is now engaged in entertaining the British reading public as the new proprietor of *The Outlook*. Elveden, where the Prince stays in Suffolk, is one of the finest seats in England, and has ideal shooting

* * *

Another Host of Royalty

The entertainment of Royalty, indeed, is very much, in these days, the privilege of the self-made wealthy man. Instances are too numerous to mention, but Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir Thomas Lipton, and the Prince of Wales's host of last week—Lord Iveagh—stand out amongst them. Lord Iveagh, who, by the way, has just bought *The Outlook* for Mr. Walter Guinness, may be said, perhaps, to have been "made" by his father, the late Sir Benjamin Guinness, who, for his many acts of philanthropy and charity and for his great wealth, was, in his own city of Dublin, created a baronet in 1867. But Lord Iveagh has, at any rate, earned his own title just as his brother, Lord Ardilaun, has earned his. Of the many luxurious homes of England, Elveden, formerly the residence of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh,

Princes "Sandford and Merton" of Germany

Sandford: H.I.H. Prince Oscar of Germany

The Kaiser's fifth son, whose passing of his officer's examination has so delighted his father that he has presented him with a new and magnificent motor-car. The Prince is only nineteen, and among his hobbies is the fancy of fox-terriers, of which he has forty-seven in the Potsdam kennels

now the Suffolk seat of the millionaire brewer, is the most luxurious. But this, to the Prince of Wales, would appeal scarcely so much as the ideal shooting facilities which the place affords.

* * *

Partridge Avenues

Though no sportsman himself, Lord Iveagh carries on the sporting traditions of the place as established by the very sporting old Rajah, and the estate is entirely given up to the cultivation of birds for the shoots. Shooting at Elveden, too, is carried out under the most approved modern principles. During the partridge-shooting season, wide fields of corn, grown for the purpose, and intersected into avenues by wire fences, form excellent covers for the birds. The covers are each connected by telephone, and on the approach of the guns to a cover, the birds, being driven by the beaters, run, perforce, along these wire-fenced avenues, only to emerge under the noses of the guns into the very jaws of death.

* * *

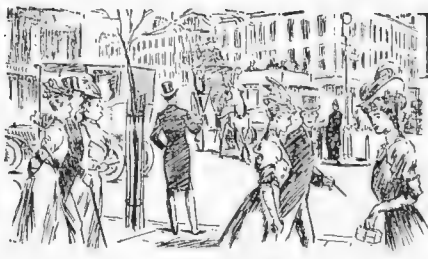
The Kaiser and His Sons

The Kaiser, like all fathers, great and small, is learning by experience that the possession of a number of grown-up sons is by no means "lavender." His constant trouble with the Crown Prince, a year or so ago, which necessitated the occasional imprisonment of the young man, on account of his "goings on," will be remembered, and though he is now comfortably married, may yet—who knows? Prince Eitel Friedrich, though a nice young man of military habits, scarcely pleased his father by marrying a lady much older than himself, and one who had, at any rate, a "history." Now, it seems, the fourth boy, Prince Auguste-Wilhelm, is proving a source of worry to his father. He positively dislikes the Army! What is more, he has dared to manifest an interest in the study of economic and sociological questions, which, in Germany, may be taken to mean that the Prince has Socialistic leanings. In order to promote his studies, he is, next month, to accompany Professor Count Alexander Dohna, of the Halle University, to the United States on an "educational tour." Perhaps, in this, the Kaiser is displaying a dark and subtle strategy which has as its aim the total cure of the lad from any democratic leanings; for in which country does one receive a worse impression of the workings of democratic government than that of the "Jungle," and the Trusts, Lynch Law, the Yellow Press, and Mr. Comstock? As a contrast to erring Prince Auguste-Wilhelm is Prince Oscar, who has lately gladdened his father's heart and earned his reward by passing with much credit his officer's examination. This Prince is now immured in the late rooms of his married brother, Prince Eitel. He is a great fancier of fox-terriers, of which he possesses no fewer than forty-seven—surely a princely portion!—in the Potsdam kennels.

Photos *Exclusive News Agency*

Merton: Prince Auguste-Wilhelm of Germany

The Kaiser's fourth son, who is not beloved of the Imperial parent because (it is said) he *hates* military training, and prefers social economy, etc. He is, therefore, not going to be much in the Army, but is to go to America in January for an "educational tour" with "Mr. Barlow"—otherwise Count Alexander Dohna, Professor at the Halle University



ROUND THE TOWN

A County Councillor's (?) Wife

Mrs. George Alexander, the wife of the "one and only" actor-manager, is also, it is said, his severest critic. No first night at the St. James's ever yet came off but that Mrs. Alexander, dressed with daringly dream-like elegance, is there to criticise and to applaud. No play at the St. James's is ever staged without Mrs. Alexander's tastes and originality in dress-design being called into requisition. She is, indeed, dress-designer *in perpetuo* of her husband's plays, and for this (when pla s run two years) comparatively easy employment, Mrs. Alexander draws a very handsome salary.

* * *

Frocks and the Elector

With a wife who enjoys the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in London to canvass for him, there is, of course, no doubt at all about the result of the campaign when Mr. George Alexander puts up as Municipal Reform candidate for the London County Council in March. Dress *does* make a difference, especially when electors are concerned, for a woman, charmingly *coiffé*, fascinatingly frocked, and prettily persuasive, can be of considerable use—with an elector. Witness Eye.

* * *

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Mrs. George Alexander

The wife of the future Mr. County Councillor (?) Alexander, late of the St. James's Theatre

Dress and Devotion

Devotion to the sartorial arts has not, however, dwarfed Mrs. Alexander's power in other directions. She was very ill some time ago, and had to undergo an awful and most wonderful surgical operation, entailing the most terrible sufferings. These sufferings, her doctors and her nurses told, were borne with a fortitude almost incredible, even in a woman. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have a nice cottage at Chorley Wood, near Adeline, Duchess of Bedford's estate, but this exists chiefly for golf and week-ends. It is at their house in Pont Street that Mrs. Alexander is most often to be found, but, as she knows nearly everybody, and goes nearly everywhere, one doesn't find her so very often. She is keenly interested in all her husband's ventures, and he gives her diamonds every time he, so to speak, gets a bull's-eye. By the way, I hear that £30,000 clear profit has already been netted from the proceeds of that inexhaustible gold mine, *His House in Order*. As the "best-dressed woman in London" herself would say, "O' My!" "O' Lor!"

* * *

Jews and Christmas Toys

Without wishing to be too utterly original, I may point out that Christmas is in the air all over commercial London. But nowhere is it more marked than on Ludgate Hill. Here hundreds of Jews take advantage of the season, and the relaxation of police regulations in regard to street hawking, and line up along the kerb in a grey Hebraic battalion, ready to face the buyers of the wonderful, useless, ephemeral gim-cracks o which they have unlimited supplies The scene is one of the mos amusing, instructive contrasts whicl the London streets continue t offer. The Oriental people stanc in our muddy streets with perfec composure and satisfaction, whil the Western men and women bu with evident delight the rubbisl they offer. The Jews of far-o Poland and the "back blocks" o the Russian Empire are at hom here, and never more so than during the few weeks in which they can sell on Ludgate Hill toys to commemorate a religious rejoicing in which, to say the least, they do not take part.

* * *

"Reminuisances"

The revival of the Gilbert-Sullivan *Yeomen of the Guard* has produced a vast quantity of what Lady Dorothy Nevill is said to have called "reminuisances." Notwithstanding this, I am delighted the Savoyards should have come into their own again, because now, when one hears the constant deprecation of modern musical comedy, and wild praise of the things that used to be, I can bid the dissatisfied go to Mrs. Carte's theatre and judge for themselves. If they can still be filled with delight by the curious humour and simplicity of the light opera of twenty years ago, well and good; their hearts, at least, are innocent, and the world is before them.

* * *

The Music Lives

Without being able or willing to recall the names and graces of everyone who has played in *The Yeomen*, I admit I have seen it better performed in

This Has Come Round Again

the past. The music, however, has never been more admirably given. The melodies are as fresh and bright as ever; the charm that Sir Arthur Sullivan wove so delicately and strongly has outlasted the years, and will make the success of the latest revival, if anything will. Mr. Workman as Jack Point is the one notable member of the cast. The other parts, from Miss Lilian Coomber as Elsie Maynard downwards, are adequate, no doubt, but do not encourage me to believe that they will be greatly popular.

* * *

Recipe for Success

For my part, if Gilbert and Sullivan opera is, like King Arthur, to "come again," I think it can only be done by fitting the operas with the most beautiful women, most sympathetic voices; with bravest of men, and most accomplished actors and actresses that the lyric stage can offer. When this is done, and that gifted verse-writer, Mr. Gilbert, has brought his book quite up to date, I feel sure that the public will turn with pleasure to the Savoy. For the present, the show seems to me a sort of aftermath of provincial glories, not too alluring for the, perhaps, jaded Metropolitan palate, but still an asset that can be worked—with considerable capital.

* * *

New Productions

All the fresh productions this week choose to come just after this part of the paper goes to press. On Tuesday and Thursday Mr. Bourchier will have given a taste of his quality in *Macbeth*, in a little matter of fourteen scenes, and on Wednesday, at the Prince of Wales's, the long-announced comedy-opera, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, by the charming writer, and "black-and-white-man," Mr. Housman, and the gifted musician, Madame Liza Lehmann — not to mention Oliver Goldsmith, who provided the idea — will have been produced. Judging by the cast, and the care that has been given to the rehearsals, a very pleasing result should be attained.

* * *

What's the Matter With Harlequinade?

Not very much has yet been heard of the pantomimes which, at one time, filled the air at this season. Of course, Old Drury will out-Lane itself in the matter and shine fairly alone in the centre. Just on the

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Xmas Toy Nuisance in Ludgate Hill

One of the signs of the approaching festive season is always the impassibility of Ludgate Hill, owing to the hundreds of hawkers of novelties, toys, puzzles, etc., who throng the edge of the pavement. Luckily, however, the police confine this street toy mart to Ludgate Hill, and do not allow the pedlars to congregate in other thoroughfares

The Savoy Itself Again

outward edge of London this sort of entertainment will flourish exceedingly, few theatres that are big enough being without their production. The only thing that alters in these elaborate and often beautiful shows is the harlequinade, and that grows less and less. The last time I took a nephew to a pantomime we waited for this part of the show. I sat back in the box, in the conventional way, and observed the victim of my hospitality. After a little of the strange action of the funny people, my guest turned to me and, pointing to the stage, merely said, "The fools!" I was greatly relieved. There was no need for further disguise. We found our hats and coats in the darkness, and so silently out into the "orchestrated Strand." For once the two generations had but a single point of view.

* * *

New Humour in Old Forms

But if some of the old fun is dead, there is plenty that is new. At the Vaudeville, for example, *The Belle of Mayfair* has an up-to-date Columbine, Harlequin, Clown, and the rest of the gay company, of whom I expect great things on Boxing Day. Then the plays, such as *Alice in Wonderland*, of an afternoon during the holidays, and, of course, *Peter Pan*, take the place of some of the old-fashioned pantomimes, beloved of the day before yesterday, and take it with a charming air.

From Islington to the White Horse

The new extension of the Tube system should prove an important democratic influence. It links, in a way that few men can hope to set asunder, the aristocracy of Piccadilly with the forgotten Victorian middle-class charm of Islington, and brings the wild ways and gay decorations of Leicester Square within a few minutes of the respectability of the ultimate West-Kensington-West. Such underground union must influence character, but whether it will level up the districts outside the zone of fashion, or depress those that now shine with the palaces of princes and the glitter of the cosmopolitan rich, is to be discovered. For my part, I like Piccadilly so much, and find the rents there so high, that any form of conveyance that brings its pleasing pavements nearer to the heart's desire is welcome. BYSTANDER.

The Tea Cult

The brilliant series of articles on Tea appearing in THE BYSTANDER and its contemporaries are the talk of the town. Truly tea has a wonderful and curious history. The recrudescence of the tea cult has been assisted by the collection of art and literature pertaining thereto by the Mazawattee Tea Company, which seems to have scored considerably. By the way, we hear that the present management—having adopted a "live-and-let-live" policy in contradistinction to Trusts and competition with their best friends—are turning the corner towards renewed prosperity.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

The Gilbert and Sullivan Revival at the Savoy: The Opening Chorus, Scene II., of "The Yeomen of the Guard"

"Night has spread her pall once more.
And the prisoner still is free."

The long-promised Gilbert and Sullivan revival at the Savoy Theatre is at last an accomplished fact, and the scene on the first night was one of the greatest enthusiasm

What Shall We Call It?

THE OPENING OF LONDON'S NEW—BUT NICK-NAMELESS—TUBE

One of the English-built coaches of the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway

The Tube which Wants a Name

Although London's new tube has the very latest inventions for the comfort and convenience of passengers; although it links up two hitherto inaccessible portions of the Metropolis, besides offering combined tramway and tube through tickets, the public is not happy. Its official name is cumbrous. To travel on a tube called the Great Northern, Piccadilly, and Brompton Railway outrages every artistic sense. Let the company find a portmanteau word for their line, and the public will hang on its straps with joy. Otherwise, the straps will be allowed to hang themselves

View of the "tube," showing scenery. Note man (on right) in manhole

Photos] The interior of one of the cars. Note their comfortable strap accommodation [*Park*

The new railway, by which Finsbury Park and Hammersmith are brought into direct communication, has just been opened for traffic

PARIS Week by Week.

The Hebert-Cesbron Affair

The excitement over the Hebert-Cesbron affair shows no signs of abatement, and is not likely to decrease until the mystery is solved. Names of well-known people in Society are also whispered as being compromised in the business; and the good Parisian, a lover of scandal, is preparing himself for a feast. The fact is, that whenever a sensational case comes to light where a matrimonial agency plays a part, the public is prepared for queer revelations, and they are rarely or ever mistaken.

* * *

The French Sherlock Holmes on Mme. Guerin

For the benefit of the readers of THE BYSTANDER I called on M. Goron, late Chief of the detective force in Paris and one of the most famous detectives of modern times, and had no reason to regret my visit. I was prepared for something interesting, but not for the extraordinary disclosures he made, which, unfortunately, want of space prevents me from reproducing in full. When I questioned him on the matter, he said:—

"Not having charge of the case, I cannot say whether we are assisting at a drama or a comedy; but I am inclined to think that it will prove nothing but a farce—a grim farce, like everything that gravitates round a marriage bureau. Curiously enough, several of my old 'clients' still come to me occasionally for advice, and when I refer them to a lawyer, they all give the same reply, 'You understand life better than lawyers do!' And so it happened that a couple of years ago I received the visit of a very stout lady. I did not know the name on her card, nor could I recognise her until, raising her veil, she called out, "Don't you know me, M. Goron? Why, you had me twice in custody!' There was no fear of my ever forgetting her. Under her skilful hands the marriage-swindle had blossomed into one of the fine arts; and I never heard so much laughter in Court as when she and a Miss Leal—a very pretty English girl, who helped her in conducting the 'Agency'—were charged with obtaining large sums under false pretences. She then called herself Baronne de la Rochette; and is the same woman now in custody in connection with the Cesbron-Hebert affair. She had come to me to ask how she had to set to work to find her brother. 'Since when have you not seen him?' I asked. 'Ten years. But I have been told he is very rich now.' 'In that case,' I laughed, 'I think I should not be rendering your brother a service by giving you the advice you want. He will thank me for it one day.' I then asked her what she was doing, and she informed me that she was working a patent for making artificial milk that would bring in a fortune. 'And the man who supplies the funds,' she added, in a proud voice, 'is Governor of the prison where I was incarcerated last. I explained the matter to him, and he is quite enthusiastic. . . .'

M. Jules Cayron, the well-known portrait painter

M. Cayron, whose work is, perhaps, even more popular in London than in Paris, will probably be painting the Queen and the Princess of Wales in the Spring. He painted a most successful portrait of the Queen of Spain at Cowes in the summer

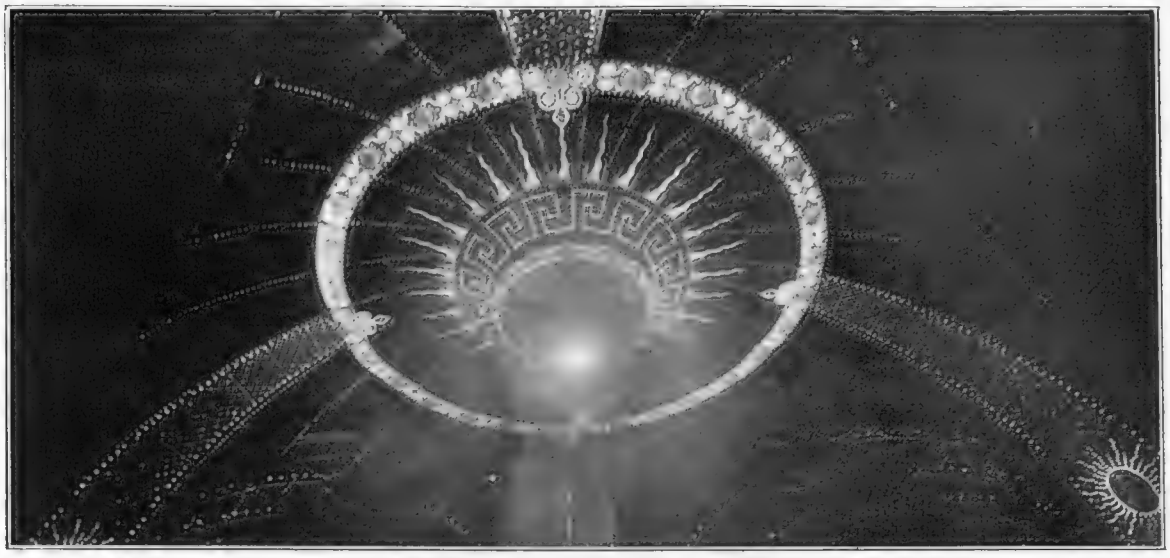
* * *

A Swindler's Psychology

"Whilst she was talking I eyed her narrowly, and came to a curious conclusion. The woman before me, a born swindler, was, like Mme. Humbert and others I have come across, remarkably intelligent. And, like Mme. Humbert, she looked vulgar, with expressionless eyes, such as we meet with in some country people. In this apparent *naïveté* lies their great strength; and I remembered one of the victims in the Humbert case saying to me, 'How could you expect me to be suspicious of that woman; *she looked so stupid!*' And so does this Baronne de la Rochette, alias Mme. Demortier, alias Cesbron, Guerin, etc. But, if you could have heard her express her views on the *clientèle* of the matrimonial bureaux, you would have been surprised at the wonderful psychology she displayed.

The Paris "Automobile Salon"

THE BRILLIANT APPEARANCE OF THE GRAND PALAIS BY NIGHT

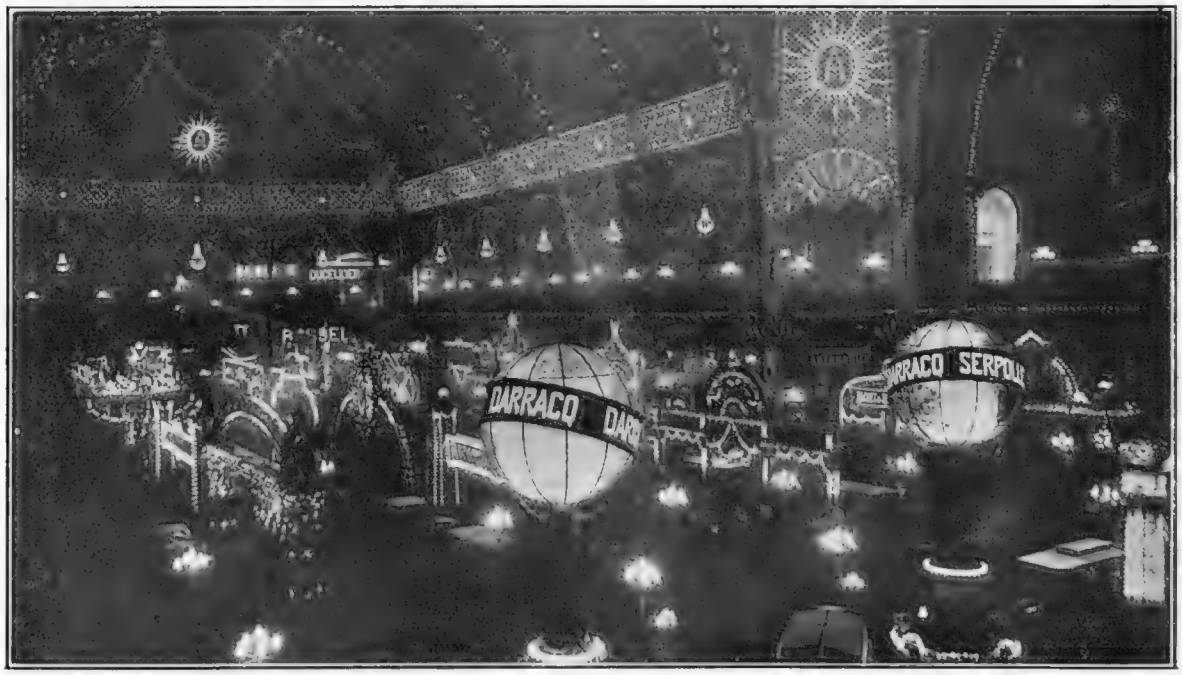


The interior, showing the illuminated dome

The brilliant and fantastic effect of the dome by night is enhanced by a mass of peculiar violet-coloured lights in the very centre

The exterior of the building illuminated at night

On the opening day, all Paris flocked to the Motor Show, and it is estimated that in the evening 100,000 people were waiting for admission



Photos] **The interior of the Grand Palais by night** [*Topical Agency*

Artistic decorations have always been a feature of the Paris Motor Show, which was opened recently by President Fallières, but this year they far surpass anything seen on former occasions. All the stands are originally and effectively decorated, but it is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the illuminations at night. Almost every girder and corner of the building, both inside and out, is picked out in lamps culminating in a blaze of light in the dome

"The tableau this woman gave of matrimonial agents and their clients was perhaps a little overdrawn; but there was, unfortunately, much truth in what she asserted. These so-called intermediaries are dangerous, unscrupulous scoundrels, who richly deserve the punishment they receive—when they are caught. And, madame, there is not much to choose between the robber and the robbed!" FRANCES KEYZER.

* * *

Jules Cayron

As a portrait painter, Jules Cayron is more popular in London than in Paris. This does not signify that his work is not appreciated in both capitals—it is; but it would be ridiculous to pretend that his compatriots are ready at present to dower him with anything like the homage he has received on the other side of the Channel. But they will be. Only wait till the Spring, when he hopes to paint the Princess of Wales, and, possibly, the Queen—then all Mayfair and Smart America will be at his feet, offering him exorbitant sums to give them a place in his gallery of portraits, and the Paris *mondaine* will follow suit.

The Parisian life and movement is seen in his English portraits, but they have yet another quality—they are striking likenesses. It is a common belief that every woman likes to see her features set in a frame of beauty not her own, but this is not always the case. When M. Cayron painted Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, she particularly asked him not to flatter her; and Queen Ena made the same request. It was at Cowes, this summer, that he painted the Queen of Spain, and, although she was too busy to grant him more than two sittings, the portrait is one of the best.

* * *

A Maker of Diamonds

A short time ago I was fortunate enough to meet the eminent French scientist, M. Henri Moissan, who showed me the celebrated electric oven for which he has been awarded the Nobel Prize. Heated by electricity to 3,000 centigrade, and then suddenly cooled, two minerals will combine to form diamonds. At present they are too small to cut, although they can easily be utilised for carpentering purposes. In this little oven, which is made of chalk and is only a few cubic inches in size, he has also manufactured rubies. If he wished, M. Moissan might now be a wealthy man, but he cares little for the financial side of his discoveries, and is only proud of them in their relation to the advancement of scientific knowledge. M. Moissan is well known in English and American University circles, has lectured for the Royal Society, and expresses his great admiration for our scientist, Lord Kelvin.

The chalk crucible in which diamonds are formed

Making Diamonds: The electric furnace invented by M. Moissan, for which he has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for chemistry, and by means of which he has manufactured diamonds

"Real" diamonds have just been "artificially" made by the famous French chemist, M. Moissan, by means of his electric furnace, in which pure carbon and iron are raised to the most intense heat. The chalk crucible containing the mixture is then plunged into cold water, and the sudden cooling exercises such enormous pressure on the carbon, that small, but genuine, diamonds are formed

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA

[*The awakening of China is, beyond question, the most ominous factor in the world's politics. That 450 millions of people, who, heretofore, have taken little or no part in the affairs of the universe, should be suddenly galvanised to life, and filled with a new patriotism, and trained to take efficient part in warfare—this means nothing short of revolution of the present balance of power. The following article, and those which will follow it, should, therefore, be read with attention by all thinking men.*—EDITOR]

WHAT THE REFORM MOVEMENT REALLY MEANS

Peking Four Years Ago

Perhaps I cannot better convey to the reader an idea of the reality of China's awakening out of the lethargy of centuries than to quote a sentence from an article which I wrote on the inner city of Peking so recently as 1902:

"At the rare intervals, when it is not undergoing repairs, there is one good street in Peking, namely, Legation Street; but that, unfortunately, like all good things, comes quickly to an end, and the great majority of the streets in the city simply beggar description. If you can imagine a succession of holes and ruts (where the never-ending, all-searching dust lies in peace until you disturb it), followed now and again by a quagmire in the rainy season, and a pit of perdition in the dry season, you have some idea of what they are like." And those who were in Peking at the time will not venture to contradict the truth of the above statement. The Legation quarter was not rebuilt, the Hanlin Academy was a heap of ruins, and the Summer Palace bore traces of the wanton visits of looters.

The Emperor Kuang Hsü

A "sad and silent figure," at present chiefly in the hands of the Empress-Dowager. The Reformers are hoping, however, that he will assert himself, and be the means of ushering in the new era

Peking To-day: A Contrast

At the present time things are quite different, and the quickness of the change is remarkable. All the Legations have been restored or rebuilt, and in their midst is a splendid foreign hotel, where one may see, not only

The Modernisation of China: A typical street in Peking at the present day

Very different from the state of the roads in Peking a few years ago is their appearance at the present day. A broad, well-made surface, "side walks"—in the middle of the road—street lamps, and telegraph poles are all to be found in the principal streets. A drive about the city is actually possible, policemen, water-carts, and steam-rollers are familiar, and, on the whole, Peking is getting as civilised as any other large Oriental city

The Advance of the Empress-Dowager

globe-trotters, but Chinese princes and red-button magnates galore. A carriage and pair may be hired, and a drive taken throughout the city, and in every second street some high Mandarin may be seen driving about in a similar fashion. The main streets are broad and well made, and the numberless booths and food-stalls which used to crowd the pavements have been done away with. Countless policemen parade up and down, and water-carts and steam-rollers are not uncommon sights.

The University has five new buildings and a staff of foreign professors, while the new premises of the Board of Revenue would do credit to the London County Council. Arc lamps blaze forth in the Legation area, and before long the native city will be able to get electric light from an installation which is almost completed.

The Dominations of the Empress-Dowager

These things are but signs of a great upheaval which is taking place, and it is well to look behind the scenes and to see who are the persons responsible for this new era in China. Without doubt, the dominating personality is that of the Empress-Dowager, and it is she who gave the word of command which has set all the forces to work.

Several of the younger Manchus have shared her views, and have not been afraid to declare that the country was tired of them, and that their only hope lay in a peaceful revolution. In this connection Princes Chun and Pu Lun may be named, while Tieh Liang has come forward with remarkable rapidity, and will go further still. The kind-hearted and jovial Prince Su must not be forgotten, as he was a reformer long ago, and has the pleasure of seeing his prophecies come true.

Some Pioneers of Reform

The chief supporters of the dynasty are, however, the famous Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai, who is a Chinaman, and Duan Fang, a Manchu, who has been Governor or Viceroy in half the provinces of the Empire. It was against these two, principally, that the recent bomb outrages were directed, and the would-be assassins were, without doubt, members of an Anti-Dynastic Society. Yuan Shih Kai has always been known as an ambitious and energetic official, but Duan Fang's abilities were unknown before 1900. Up to that time he had been looked upon as a kind-hearted and easy-going official, whose main object in life was the collecting of curios. When the Boxers appeared in Shansi he beheaded their leaders, and was so successful in suppressing them that no foreigners lost their lives in his jurisdiction. Since then he had become one of the most energetic of the reformers, and it is said that the Empress-Dowager was greatly influenced by his arguments when he spoke of the dangers of procrastination, and said that delay in reform meant destruction to the dynasty. He is one of the Commissioners who were sent abroad to report on the condition of things in other countries, and no doubt when he returns he will have much to say as to what the future of China will be.

The Dowager-Empress of China

Who is the dominating personality in China, and now the real leader of the Reform Movement. For this China has to thank the influence of Duan Fang, one of the recent Commissioners to Europe, who has "talked to" the Empress-Dowager

The Manchurian Viceroy

Another of the new men is Chao Erh Hsun, the Viceroy of Manchuria. He is a Chinaman, who has entered the Manchu corps of Bannermen, and in point of intellect and grasp of affairs is probably the greatest of the present-day officials. In 1902 he was only a Provincial Treasurer, but the Empress-Dowager, with her wonderful judgment of character, at once picked him out for promotion, and he was sent to be Governor of Hunan in 1903, and shortly afterwards was made

Three Noted Chinese Statesmen

President of the Board of Revenue. He is only small in stature, but is remarkably free from ostentation and conceit, and has little love for the pomp and ceremony which is associated with the lives of the higher officials. When a man was wanted for Manchuria, it was felt that he was the one best fitted to carry out the difficult task; and, in spite of tremendous obstacles, he had added considerably to his reputation, and may truly be said to be one of the great men of China.

The Abolition of Torture

Mention must also be made of the band of men who had received a training in Europe or the United States, and who, after many disappointments, have at last received promotion because they are indispensable at the present time.

Chief amongst these is Wu Ting Fang, the late Minister to America; and his noble work in connection with the remodelling of the criminal code and the abolition of torture during trial will live long in the memory of all the true friends of China. Tang Shao I, the late Commissioner on the Thibetan question, has, through the influence of his patron, Yuan Shih Kai, gained many honours in the last year or so, and seems to get promotion or a new post every month.

Of the older generation the most disappointing has been Chang Chih Tung, one of the first to declare for the Progressives, but who of late has developed an anti-foreign attitude, and who seems to be spending most of his wonderful energies on vast schemes which are very expensive and which have a very small measure of success.

What Does the Future Hold?

The next few years will bring others to the front, for now all the young scholars and officials affect Progressive tendencies, and are educating themselves so as to be abreast of the times. The words of a well-known Chinese scholar may be aptly quoted in this connection, for they are being repeated in some form or other all over the country. He said: "The men of ability and education at the present time are not sufficient, by many thousands, for the needs of the country, and it will be long before we have a surplus of them." It is to be hoped, however, that the new methods of education will be found successful in training the men needed for carrying on the work of the Empire, and that in the course of years China will not only become stronger, but also greater and nobler, with a just and pure administration and a loyal and prosperous people.

Behind them all stands the Emperor Kuang Hsü, a sad and silent figure. Will he come forth some day, and with firm, unbending determination, take the government in his hands, or will he stay as he is and simply fade away, the greatest and saddest example of the light that failed? Until this question is settled, the future of China is still unknown, and the era of peace and prosperity cannot begin.

Next week I shall deal with the advance of the new education in China, and in this connection the public will do well to give attention to the huge strides the Chinese Army has made in the last few years, it being now a thoroughly equipped modern fighting machine. As the present relations between China and Russia are at the moment in an exceedingly strained position, the world may before very long be able to judge of their fighting efficiency, and which I do not think will leave much to be desired.

R. W. SWALLOW.

Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai

One of the most ambitious and energetic of the promoters of the Reform Movement. He is one of the Commissioners appointed to report on the condition of things in other countries

Photo *R. W. Swallow*

Chao Erh Hsun, Viceroy of Manchuria

Who, though only a Provincial Treasurer four years ago, has risen by force of character to the position of Viceroy of Manchuria. He is one of the most intellectual men of the new school of officials

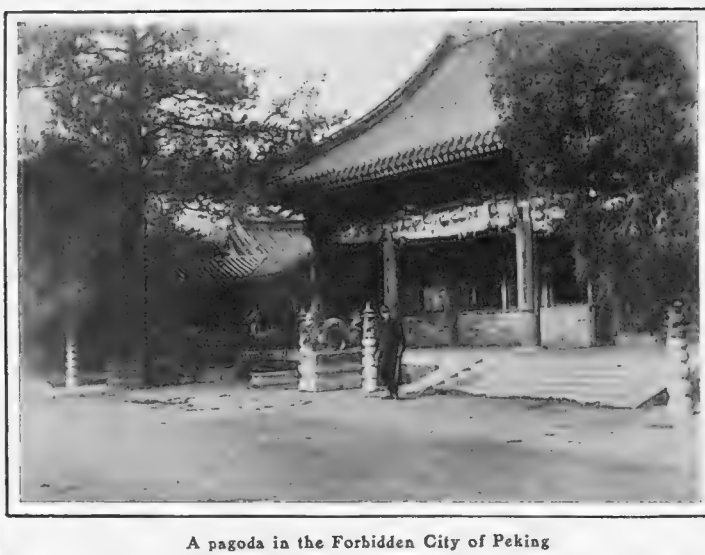
Viceroy Chang Chih Tung

Who, though one of the first to declare for the Progressives, has lately assumed an anti-foreign and decidedly Conservative attitude

China's Awakening: S

A primitive postal service
His Majesty's mail entering Peking

A Chine
That is to say, the open space outside



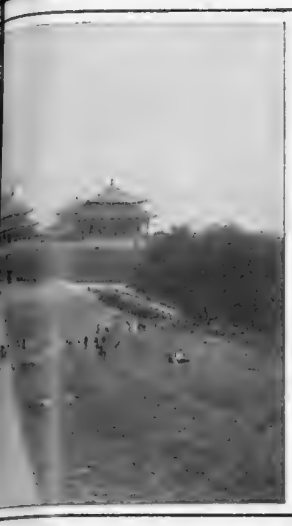
A pagoda in the Forbidden City of Peking

ON a preceding page will
improvement which has
thoroughfares in Peking during
however, that the city as a
sweeping change is to take
altogether. To revolutionise
oldest cities in the world, is
century, and with the exception
quarter the city stands whe
centuries, ago. The side stre
applied to them, are never pa
miserable shanties in imminen
Cleanliness is not a virtue am
and their sanitary conditions
It is said that the King of
on one of the marble bridge
80,000 subjects, which, even in
is a fair proportion of the popu
Forbidden City, which is occ
no one except those in the
thereto.

A garden in the Forbidden City

A portion of

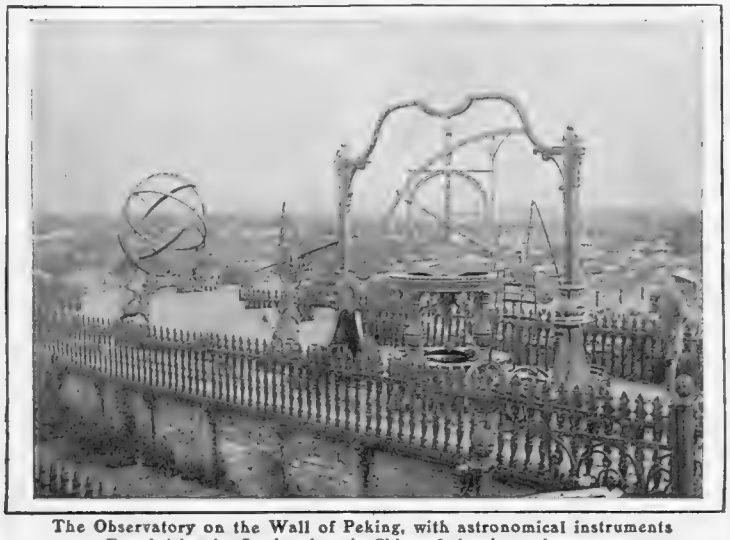
es in Imperial Peking



ab-rank"
perial Palace reserved for "rickshas"

olnd an account of the great
place in the state of the main
last few years. To imagine,
has undergone any great or
timistic a view of the matter
pearance of Peking, one of the
work of a year or two, but of a
e main streets and the Legation
did a century, probably ten
such a dignified name can be
r cleaned, while the houses are
er of falling at every moment.
e Chinese of the lower classes,
ack of them, are deplorable.
ggars, who "holds his court"
ng in the city, rules over
ity of two million inhabitants.
In the centre of Peking is the
y the Emperor's Palace, and
l service are allowed access

mer palace



The Observatory on the Wall of Peking, with astronomical instruments
Founded by the Jesuit priests in China of the sixteenth century

Street scene in Peking
Note the elderly Manchu woman taking a pipe with the menfolk

Crowd listening to a street story-teller

Worldly Short Story No. 53

THE INTERVENTION OF THE CHERUB

By NOEL JOCELYN

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

THERE was a "Luncheon and Tennis Rag" at The Court, Maidenhead. By "Rag," the friends of Renée Le Bas understood a gathering which would not be graced by the presence of her father. Renée dispensed hospitality with an informality which either made people feel at home in that house for ever, or sent them away declaring that the Le Bas girl's manners were not to be excused even by her wealth.

The young hostess had an air of distinction. Her features recalled the well-known picture of Mme. Récamier. Her personality enabled her to indulge in eccentricities which ill-became her admiring girl friends. They copied, lamentably, her poses, her wild spirits, her recklessness, her enthusiasms.

She was the only daughter of old Le Bas, the painter, that terrible old man who amassed a large fortune by painting people with their masks off. Some years ago it became, and strangely enough remained, the fashion to be painted by Le Bas. To be accepted as a subject by him argued a strong individuality. Better a character for evil than no character at all. So the master minds of Society flocked to his studio, and came away repeating with pride the rude remarks the painter had made to them during the sittings.

Renée had inherited her father's gift of satire. It proved to be her most potent weapon against the snares of the masculine sex. Mrs. Grundy had long prophesied that Renée would go to the devil, and that it would serve old Le Bas right for giving his daughter £2,000 a year and perfect freedom of action as birthday presents when she came of age. Three years passed, and the worst men said of Renée was that she was an unsympathetic little wretch. Katharine, the Shrew, they thought, and had no mind to play Petruchio. Her air of an eighteenth-century marquise attracted them until her indifference repelled them. The spoiled modern youth is not a persistent suitor. When snubbed he shrugs his shoulders, and goes for sympathy to a girl "who behaves decently to a fellow." Renée's cleverness, coupled with her fortune, had the effect of making the few men she was inclined to like fight shy of her. This treatment was inclined to make her bitter, and was the cause of the unlovable nature she exhibited to the world.

The luncheon had been a very merry affair. Personalities may not rank high in the domain of humour, but they make for gaiety. Tennis was the order of the afternoon, and after luncheon the guests filed out of the French windows on to the verandah, to dawdle over coffee and liqueurs until it was cool enough to commence play.

"You must look after yourselves, and whoever is drawn my partner in the tournament is not to have a liqueur," called Renée after them.

Then she reclined *a la Récamier* on a settee in the dining-room. Polly Harbury, her nearest friend, and about the only person in the world who understood her, also remained behind.

"Who's coming this afternoon? Anyone new?" asked Polly.

"Johnny Hales is bringing a new man, he didn't say who."

"What about Pat O'Donnell?"

"My dear Polly, you've known Pat as long as I have, and you must know what a slave he is to his work, especially at times when he is of a mind not to accept invitations. Pat once told me one of the great advantages of newspaper work lay in its impossible hours. It made him the bugbear of hostesses and absolved him from any amount of tedious functions."

"That speech must have been made in the old friendly days."

An angry look blazed up into Renée's eyes. It died away as suddenly. "It's no good being angry with you, Polly," she said, with a short laugh, "and I am certainly not going to discuss Pat O'Donnell with you, if that is your purpose. I know your views upon the subject, and they don't happen to coincide with mine. Let's join the others."

She led the way on to the verandah. They found that the names were being drawn for the tournament.

"I say, Miss Le Bas," called one of the men, "is O'Donnell a certainty?"

"No. He's always an uncertain starter. Better leave him out if it interferes with the drawing."

Tennis at The Court was never a very serious affair. There was almost as much ragging during the game as there had been during luncheon. An American knock-out tournament for mixed doubles

(*Continued on page 620*)

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

The Amateur Socialist's Ward

Photo. **A portrait study of Miss Lilian Braithwaite** [*Rita Martin*

Who is playing the part of Evelyn Rivers, the ward of the amiable, but eccentric, Sir Hubert Pennefather, the "Amateur Socialist," at the Criterion Theatre

(Continued from page 618)

was well under way when Polly caught sight of Hales coming up the drive, accompanied by a stockily built fat man with a face all smiles.

"Why, it's the Cherub!" she exclaimed.

"And who may he be?" asked a little girl who was sitting near her.

"Oh, his name's Langside, though he is never called by it. People are in the habit of adopting his nickname on sight. I christened him. He's quite old—thirty-five—but is usually taken for twenty-two. You see his skin is stretched so tightly over his face that he can't have wrinkles. He's an awfully good tennis-player, but he'll beam more than ever when he sees the form here, because he'll know at once that to exert himself against players of our calibre would be unfriendly."

Hales was bringing his man over to the group of spectators, when an umpire across the court seized him. The Cherub continued alone on his way to the little knot of spectators.

"Oh, Miss Harbury. How do you do?" he began cheerily. "Thought it was you. Saw you miles off."

"I can distinctly say the same of you." Polly introduced him round with scant ceremony. Then they strolled off together.

"Which is our hostess with the millions?" asked Langside.

"Playing on the nearest court the other side of the net. Slight, dark girl."

"Good mover," said the Cherub, critically. "Funny reserved look. Proud as Lucifer, too. Any chance for me?"

"Not the slightest. She doesn't like fat men. Besides, her affections are already bestowed."

"Engaged?"

"No, and not likely to be, poor girl."

"In love with detrimental, who is afraid of being called a fortune-hunter?"

"Who told you?" asked Polly quickly.

"No one. So she is. Mere fluke on my part. Besides, quite likely form of torture for a rich girl. Who's the man? But, I suppose, I ought not to ask?"

Polly looked at him for a moment. "Look here, Cherub. I've had this business on my mind until I'm frantic. You're just the sort of broad person to confide in. Come in here, where we shan't be interrupted, and I'll tell you the story."

She led the way along a path, overgrown with bushes, into an old summer-house.

"I learned Renée's secret quite by accident a few days ago. It makes me sick, when I think of it. I had to stand, hardly daring to breathe, when Renée abandoned herself to grief. It all came about too quickly for me to cry out and warn her—I was in hearing. I was almost frozen with horror. Renée, of all people; the girl we all thought was as cold as a statue. I won't, of course, tell you what she said. But I saw into her very soul, and stamped upon it is the image of a man—Pat O Donnell. It may sound absurd. It's the twentieth century, and we've just bought a new motor-car, but I tell you that Renée Le Bas is literally dying of love for that man."

"Girls aren't often taken that way."

"I know they are not. But Renée is a very uncommon sort of girl. I always knew, when she did take the malady, she'd have it about as badly as a girl can. I had no idea she was in the throes of this passion."

"And the man? Of course, she's managed to conceal it from him?"

"I should just think so. She won't look at him. By a stupid misunderstanding he thinks she looks upon him as a fortune-hunter. That is how he explains her attitude towards him. The whole trouble was brought about by Pat's beast of an old money-grubbing father. Old man O'Donnell's a literary celebrity on the down grade. You know the type. Self-respect all gone. Hangs on to the coat-tails of Hebrew financiers. Writes 'puffs' of their poisonous restaurants. This pitiable old wretch must have dropped a hint to his son that he would be doing pretty well for himself if he married Miss Le Bas. I learned this, not from Pat, of course, but from the old scoundrel himself. He's got into the way of drivelling, and one day he mumbled enough to give me the cue to the situation. The effect upon Pat was disastrous. Like a man he made the unfortunate girl suffer for the blow which had fallen upon him. They had reached the stage in their relations when everybody, except themselves, knew they were dead in love with each other. Suddenly Pat sheered right off. He began to treat her with politeness. From being here all the time he used to wait until he was invited. You see, if anything makes a man feel beastly rotten, the first thing he does is to go and make the girl he likes best feel beastly rotten too."

"We are enjoined to make you partners in our sorrows," said the Cherub.

"You can imagine the affect of this treatment upon Renée Le Bas. She was hurt to the very soul, and, of course, took refuge in her pride. Pat was to blame all right, and he deserved a jolly good snubbing for being so mean to her. But she never gave him another chance. He recovered from the mood brought about by his father, but, of course, he could not explain his conduct. Perhaps he might have explained if Renée had melted a bit. But she was like cold steel. When he attempted to resume the kind of mock public love-making with which he used to conceal his real tenderness, she made him feel that it was distasteful and boring to her. Lately she has adopted a kind of contemptuously friendly attitude towards him as towards a nonentity with whom one could not very well be anything other than friendly. Worse still, she has ceased to take any interest in his work. In the old days she used always to be yarning to him about newspapers and articles and stories. Only the other day, at one of the Rag luncheons, Pat told a story which made everyone laugh, about a green sub. on an evening paper. Something about a 'fudge,' whatever that is, I've forgotten. At the end Renée drawled, 'Pretty good, Pat, but like your conversation, too much "shop" about it.' I caught a glance at his face, and it was so miserable I could have strangled Renée with the utmost cheerfulness. I know she hated herself for having said it, and cried for hours and hours afterwards."

"Polly!"

"They're shouting for me. It must be my set. So you see that they are both breaking their hearts, and one little word would make them both happy. I

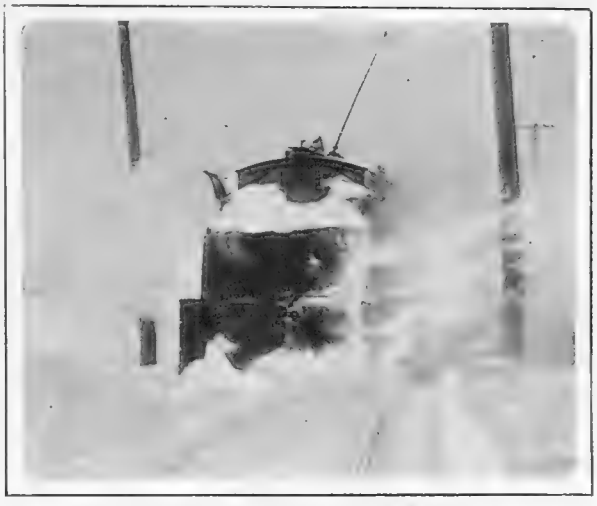
(Continued on page 622)

Where Christmas is Christmas

HOW OUR CANADIAN COUSINS ENJOY THE FESTIVE SEASON

Christmas in Canada: Sleighing in the High Street of Magog, one of the prettiest little towns in the province of Quebec

Snow-shoeing: A promising young beginner



Keeping the tramway track clear in Montreal

Tobogganing De Luxe: A toboggan slide in the Mount Royal Park, Montreal

Christmas spells "tobogganing" for the youth and ladies of Canada, and where hills are not handy, enthusiasts make one by erecting a platform from which a slide is built with one or more shutes well coated with ice, which is well illuminated at night. The toboggans vary from 6 ft. to 10 ft. in length, and are 15 in. to 24 in. wide

(Continued from page 620)

simply must go. They're hunting for me. If only he knew she cared. But the beastly money's between them. He imagines, I believe, that she despises him for a fortune-hunter, and that his father must have said something to her. I've tried to screw up my courage to act as intermediary, but I simply daren't."

A little girl, Miss Mosenthal, known on account of her diminutive stature as "Half a Mo," one of the most ardent of Renée's disciples, burst in upon the summer-house.

"I say, Polly, this is hardly fair. We haven't seen a new man at The Court for ages, and directly one appears you go and bottle him up in the summer-house."

"Excuse me," said the Cherub, "it was I who bottled the Polly. I've been an ardent admirer of hers for years, but she says we don't match well. It's quite an exception for her to take such an interest in me, I can assure you."

"Well, run away and play, Polly. I will take your place here."

"Charmed," said the Cherub.

When Polly had finished her set, she plumped down into a chair next to "Half a Mo."

"Hullo," she said, "tired of the Cherub already?"

"No, he's tired of me. He said he had to go to see Pat O'Donnell."

"See *who*?"

"O'Donnell. Polly, that last set seems to have been too much for you. Have a cooling drink."

"Look here, Mo, I want you to tell me exactly what happened to the Cherub after I left him."

"Nothing much to tell. Soon after you had left the summer-house he began to fidget, so I took him away and lost him in the crowd. He seems to have caught on to Pat, who had just arrived. Anyhow, I saw them later pretending to play bowls. Pretty rum game as far as I could see. More talk than anything else. They seem to have the deuce of a lot to say to each other. Have they met before?"

"No—that is to say, the Cherub's telling him. O Lord! Perhaps he doesn't know. What on earth will happen? It's too late to stop him."

"Here. What's in the wind? Tell me——"

But Polly had started up and was on her way to the bowling-green. She met the two men coming away.

"O! Mr. Langside," she said, "I've something to tell you. Do you play bowls?"

"Capitally," said Pat. "I've just taken him on, and he's taught me something, I can tell you."

He strolled away from them. Directly he was out of hearing Polly grasped her companion by the arm. "Do you know who that is?" she whispered with forced calmness.

"Yes."

"And you've told him?"

"As much as he ought to know."

Polly struggled with her emotions. "Meddling, muddling Cherub," she stammered. "Who on earth gave you the right to interfere? I wonder he didn't kick you."

"He very nearly did—at first," said the Cherub, grimly. "Hullo, he hasn't lost any time.'

Polly followed his gaze, and saw Pat and Renée making for the summer-house.

"Cherub," she said, quavering, "you're a genius; you're a dear." Then she fled.

. . . . . .

"But why the summer-house?" asked Renée.

"Because there we shan't be disturbed. I've got a lot to say to you."

"This sudden affection for me, my dear Pat, is rather overwhelming. I'm not used to it from you."

"You can be as nasty as you like. I don't care. I feel blithesome. What an afternoon! I say, you know the fat man who's here? The Cherub, they call him."

"Yes, what about him?"

"He's in love."

"Poor man, I'm sorry."

"And I'm hanged if he hasn't been telling me all about it. Never met him before in my life, and he started on to tell me about his *grande passion*. It was as good as a play. I pretended to be as serious as a judge. Gave him all sorts of advice. It was as much as I could do to keep a straight face. Fancy, a fat man in love, and pouring out his woes to a perfect stranger! I simply must tell you about it."

"Hardly fair on the poor man, is it?"

"Hang it. He bound me to no secrecy. I expect he'll tell everyone he meets. Besides, it's too ridiculous, the man's in love with you."

"With me? But I never met him before to-day."

"Case of love at first sight. He simply raved about you. Said you were his ideal. The girl he had pictured in his dreams for years. Of course, he didn't know that I——that we——I mean that we knew each other. Fortunately, I saw the humorous side of it, or I would have kicked him! D'you know what he said? It's impossible to describe the foolish look upon his face. He said, 'She's too exquisite to be real. Some one must have lost a Greuze.'"

"Dear man," murmured Renée.

"Fatuous idiot," growled Pat. "The cheek of his or anyone's falling in love with you."

Renée experienced one of the "thrills" which she used to joke about to her friends.

"Cheek? I don't look upon it in that light at all. I think it very sweet of them. As for the Cherub, I like his looks immensely. Such a broad, good-tempered person. Not the sort of man who would go and sulk."

"It's all your fault and the beastly money," said Pat, with a rush of words.

"O, Pat, was that it?" She caught a breath of relief. There were both laughter and tears in the sound.

He seized her hands. She made no resistance.

"You must pay the penalty like the girl did in a book I have just been reading."

"What did she have to do?" said Renée, in a voice without the slightest trace of alarm.

"She had to propose to him."

"I always said I would if ever I found a man who gave me——"

"What? That?"

"Yes. 'Thrills.'" NOEL JOCELYN.

Miss Isabel Jay's Newest Rôle

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Isabel Jay, who is playing the part of Olivia in "The Vicar of Wakefield," at the Prince of Wales's

The light opera, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, adapted from Goldsmith by Laurence Housman, and composed by Liza Lehmann, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last week. Miss Jay, who is playing Olivia, is one of the most artistic of comic-opera players, with a sweet voice, a charming manner, and a large experience of the better kind of light music

At a Mixed Party

To prevent any misunderstanding, it should be explained that the Party is only mixed in the sense that a few "grown ups" as well as children have been invited to it.

The result of this is that all the little girls of twelve and upwards desert their boy partners in order to dance with a real man; while their discarded partners, to show that they don't care, eat more than is good for them in the supper-room.

LANGUID YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN: Beastly bore, kid's parties, don't you think?

ADMIRING COMPANION (*who has been enjoying himself immensely*) says "Yes," but doesn't think so.

LANGUID YOUTH: Any decent gals here to-night?

ADMIRING COMPANION (*who doesn't know what he means*): I don't know.

LANGUID YOUTH: Ah! I think I see one over there; I'll go and speak to her.

HIS HOSTESS: Let me introduce you to this little friend of mine; she wants a partner for this dance.

LANGUID YOUTH: No, thanks, I don't dance. Ah, would you introduce me to that gal over there.

HIS HOSTESS: Do you mean the little girl sitting in the corner.

LANGUID YOUTH: No, ah! the one just opposite.

HIS HOSTESS: But I don't see any girl. There's Mrs. Ferrers.

LANGUID YOUTH: Ah, yes! that's the gal I mean.

HIS HOSTESS: Well, I should hardly call her a girl; but come along.

(*She good-naturedly introduces him to a lady who is old enough to be his mother, and to whom the Languid Youth sticks with the devotion of a leech for the rest of the evening.*)

FIRST SMALL BOY: I've had six ices, four buns three jam tarts, three puff tarts, two goes of trifle, five tumblers of lemonade, and one I spilt What have you had?

SECOND SMALL BOY: I've had twelve pieces of cake, two bananas, and a lot of chocolates.

FIRST SMALL BOY: Haven't you had any ices?

SECOND SMALL BOY: Yes, but I don't remember how many I've had.

FIRST SMALL BOY: Then let's go and have another.

(*There being no opposition offered to this proposal, the matter is carried through with a celeritude which our legislators would do well to imitate.*)

YOUNG MAN (*trying to make conversation with a Superior Young Lady quite thirteen years old*): Have you been to the pantomime?

SUPERIOR YOUNG LADY: No, I think pantomimes are so vulgar.

YOUNG MAN: But don't you think George Robey is awfully funn ?

SUPERIOR YOUNG LADY: Does he amuse you?

YOUNG MAN: Rather, but if you haven't been to the pantomime, of course you haven't seen him You can't think how funny he is.

SUPERIOR YOUNG LADY: I saw Mr. Tree as Richard II.; do you consider him a fine actor?

YOUNG MAN: Oh, yes, certainly.

SUPERIOR YOUNG LADY: But he has his limitations.

YOUNG MAN (*to himself*): Great Scot, where did she get that from!

(*Gives up the conversation in despair, and makes his escape from the Superior Young Lady as quickly as possible.*)

TINY TOT (*coveting the possession of some cracker ornaments belonging to another little mite*): Div me 'oor watch and chain.

(*The Little Mite, who is of the male persuasion, shakes his head.*)

TINY TOT (*with the female instinct for driving a bargain*): Div me 'oor watch and chain, and I'll div 'oo my cap.

(*The Little Mite, who has a cap of his own, replies by putting his finger into his mouth and trying to stand on one leg.*)

TINY TOT (*beginning to wheedle*): Don't 'oo like my cap? Den (*with monstrous unfairness, by way of clenching the bargain*), div me 'oor watch and chain, and I'll div 'oo a tiss.

(*The Little Mite, with the inherent sagacity of the male knows that there is only one way out of it left for him, and he takes it. He runs away.*)

ELDERLY BACHELOR: Dear, dear, what a pleasure it is to see all these youngsters enjoying themselves to be sure.

ELDERLY SPINSTER: I don't approve of late parties for children.

ELDERLY BACHELOR (*ignoring the remark*): Hullo, here's a youngster who isn't dancing. I expect he's hungry—boys are always hungry. Come along with me, my little man, into the supper-room, and we'll see if we can't find something for you to eat.

ELDERLY SPINSTER: If that child has any more to eat, he'll be sick.

(*The Elderly Spinster is perfectly right; he is, after the Elderly Bachelor, with misdirected benevolence, has plied him with sweets and fruit and cakes of every description.*)

SISTER OF THE HOSTESS (*to a little girl of ten, who is looking very forlorn*): Haven't you got a partner, Effie?

LITTLE GIRL: Yes, thank you, Aunt Margaret, but he's a stupid boy, and says he can't dance.

SISTER OF THE HOSTESS: Oh, we must make him dance, then. Where is he?

LITTLE GIRL: He went off to the supper-room with another boy.

SISTER OF THE HOSTESS: And left you all alone. That was very rude of him, wasn't it? But, never mind, I must find you another partner.

LITTLE GIRL: But, Aunt Margaret, I don't want another partner unless——

SISTER OF THE HOSTESS: Yes, dear, unless what?

LITTLE GIRL: Unless he has a nice moustache.

SISTER OF THE HOSTESS: Oh, I see!

G. D. LYNCH.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (FIFTEENTH SERIES)

(A Prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to the sender of each of these photographs. For full particulars of the Competition see page xii.)

In Earthquake-wrecked Santiago

Three readers of THE BYSTANDER among the ruins of the National Museum of Santiago, Chile, which, as can be seen, suffered severely from the recent earthquake

(Sent by Mr. Frederick McKey, Casella 2,273, Santiago, Chile)

On a Singapore Rubber Plantation

A young Malay looking at the pictures in THE BYSTANDER on the Lanadron Rubber Estate, near Singapore. It is interesting to note the cuts on the rubber trees, showing where they have been tapped

(Sent by the Manager, Lanadron Estate, viâ Muar, Singapore)

In the Styrian Alps

A Styrian Jaeger outside his log stalking-hut in the Styrian Alps, where he is resting between the early morning and afternoon stalks. Styria is the beautiful mountainous and wooded arm of the Alps in the South of Austria

(Sent by Mr. R. Bruce Shipway, "The Bays," Hampton Wick)

In the Temple of the Sphinx

The reader is seated on one of the giant columns cut out of the solid granite, which are all that remain of the one-time famous Temple of the Sphinx. In the background is the Great Pyramid of Cheops

(Sent by W. E. Darby, Army Ordnance Corps, Cairo, Egypt)

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

The First Check

There was something more than a touch of frost upon us at the beginning of last week, hunting being stopped for a time in most parts of the kingdom. A brief cessation of sport in the middle of December is not altogether unwelcome to those who never like to miss a day when the weather is open, because, though the regular season is only six weeks old, horses for the most part are beginning to show signs of the severity of their work, and a few days' rest does them all the good in the world. This philosophical attitude may be commended to those who greeted last week's frost with some dismay. No season can pass without some check or another, and those who grumble when it comes, after six weeks of uninterrupted sport, must, indeed, be difficult to satisfy. So far, hunting people have had very little to complain of. It would be wrong to say that hounds have been unusually brilliant, the lack of scent in the Shires having been especially noteworthy, but a very fair standard of sport has been maintained.

Photo *Newman*

Useful Members of the Grafton Hunt: Jack Smith and his terriers

The Fox and the Terrier

Among our illustrations the Grafton terrier-man and his two plucky little charges appear, and they remind us how much hunting people owe to these game terriers, without whose help there would be many a tedious digging operation. The tenacity of the fox-terrier was shown very amusingly with the Woodland Pytchley Hounds after their recent meet at Woodford House. One was put into a drain in Brigstock Park, and the hunted fox speedily made his exit. A minute later, a second fox appeared on the scene, bolting furiously out of the drain. And fast on to his brush the terrier had fixed his teeth. In this way, Reynard, alarmed beyond measure, managed to drag the terrier for more than a hundred yards, through the hedge and the opposite end of the drain again, the game little chap still hanging on behind for all he knew. When at last the fox disentangled himself, he left a considerable amount of fur behind him.

The Progress of Coursing

Some people who are not of the country appear to cherish the notion that the sport of coursing is moribund, if not absolutely dead. Nothing could be further from the truth, and a visit to a meeting like that which was recently held at Stourbridge would quickly dispel the illusion. Crowds are large at all the most accessible gatherings, and enthusiasm is as keen as ever. I was talking on this subject the other day to the famous coursing judge, Mr. R. A. Brice, whose long experience entitles him to speak with authority. He declared emphatically that the sport was never in a better way than at the present moment. He added that quite as many influential men are supporting coursing as ever there were, and a good-class greyhound will realise more money to-day than he would have done twenty years ago. Still, there is a large section of the general sporting public who only connect coursing with its greatest event, the Waterloo Cup, which next year will be contested on February 20 and the following days. Several notable names, including the late Lord Masham and Sir Thomas Brocklebank, are missing on the recently published list of Waterloo Cup nominations. There are seven changes in all, the vacant places being filled by Mr. J. Brann, Mr. E. Dobson, Mr. Charles B. Hanbury, Colonel Chichester, Mr. E. E. Hulton, Mr. A. Kennedy, and Mr. E. Storey.

The Cattle Show

Not long ago it was pointed out that not all the resources of the most colossal syndicate ever dreamt of by the more ambitious of the magnates of the American Trusts would be enough to make anything like a corner in British cattle. It is estimated that the capital value of our live stock is close upon four hundred and fifty millions sterling. We were reminded of those dazzling figures when going round the stalls at the Smithfield Club's Show at the Agricultural Hall last week. It was a magnificent display of cattle, and it did one good to see the general level of excellence that obtained in most of

(3) Pel

Is the Popularity of Coursing Declining?

Coursing at Stourbridge: The crowd of spectators at the meeting

the classes. Another satisfactory feature of the Show was the presence there of farmer folk in their thousands, who, by their grand frames and general appearance of ruddy health and physical strength, gave the lie direct to the statement that England is losing all her big men. In stature the yeoman-farmer is fully the equal of his grandfather, and in education and in knowledge of the scientific side of farming he is vastly superior. Circumstances over which the farmer never had control have prevented the agricultural industry from being so remunerative as it was before the days of Free Trade. But, if the English farmer cannot make money out of corn, he knows that there is a profit in the breeding and rearing of cattle. Thanks to that, the present state of agriculture, although

Mr. Webb, the promoter of the meet at Stourbridge

poor enough compared with its condition one hundred years ago, is nothing like so bad as it might be. Live stock have been the saving clause of many occupiers of the land; indeed, it would not be too much to say that beef and mutton have done much towards saving the land from ruin.

The First Farmer in England

The King, who is the first farmer in England, and a very practical judge of horses and cattle, attended the Show on the opening day. His Majesty was splendidly represented in the catalogue, the Herefords, Shorthorns, Devons, and Highlands from the Windsor and Sandringham farms, together with the Southdown sheep, being highly successful. It is satisfactory to know that the demand for English pedigree stock, whether horses,

Photos *Topical Agency*

The judge, Mr. James Dodd, and slipper, Robert Wright: Securing the greyhounds after the course

Those who imagine that coursing is dying out are very much mistaken, and they would have been convinced of the flourishing condition of the sport had they been present at the Stourbridge Meeting recently, which was very largely attended, and where some excellent sport was to be seen

cattle, or sheep, continues to be remarkably keen. The question is often asked whether the constant exportation of high-class stock from this country will not in the long run prove exceedingly damaging to the various breeds concerned. But the drainage has been going on for a hundred years or more, and we fail to find, as a result, any appreciable diminution in the high quality of English studs or herds or flocks. Possibly we shall discover one day that we have been foolish in allowing so much good live stock to leave the country, but so long as foreigners are willing to pay considerably more for pedigree animals than can be obtained in the home market, it is only to be expected that breeders will continue to sell to them, especially as it is impossible so far to show convincingly that they are damaging their own interests by doing so. A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

Fruit Trees that Do Not Fruit

In almost every garden, there are some trees which never fruit, and the time has now come for dealing with them. If they are old and worn-out they should be grubbed up, and replaced by young trees. But the trees may be comparatively young and vigorous, and produce plenty of blossom but no fruit. When this happens year after year the cause may almost certainly be ascribed to self-sterility. The flowers of certain varieties cannot be fertilised with their own pollen, and if there are no other varieties blooming near at the same time, and capable of fertilising them, it is impossible for them to get beyond the flowering stage. In the large American orchards one variety is never planted in a single block, but in belts separated from one another by belts of other varieties; so that the bees in their flight may pass readily from one another.

Fruit Trees that Drop their Fruit

Where fruit actually forms, but always drops off prematurely, the conditions are obviously different. If it be not some vagary of the weather, it must be the failure of the roots to keep the trees supplied with food. Having exhausted the upper layers, they have probably gone down into the cold, infertile subsoil, and unless something is done, canker will be the inevitable result. If the mischief has not gone very far, an immediate top-dressing of manure round the trees may be sufficient, if water is provided in dry weather in summer and liquid manure occasionally. But if it is of long standing, it may be necessary to lift the roots, or, if that is impossible, to shorten them, so as to induce fresh roots to form nearer the surface.

RUSTICUS.

For Intending Travellers

In the matter of artistic guide and route books, the Great Western Railway must now take a prominent place, their two latest productions, "North Wales, the British Tyrol," and "Southern Ireland: Its Lakes and Landscapes," being most artistic productions. Besides a mass of interesting places to be visited in both these quarters, full and detailed information as to trains and fares is given, and everything is done to save the intending passenger trouble.

The Duke of Beaufort at a meet of his hounds at Yate recently

The Master of the renowned Badminton pack has the reputation of being one of the most skilful huntsmen in the kingdom

Versatile Sportswomen

II.—MISS TOUPÉE LOWTHER.

By A. WALLIS MYERS

If Miss Toupée Lowther had not devoted most of her leisure to sport—sport of a strenuous, masculine type—one could almost picture her leading a public movement in favour of "Woman's Rights." For she is essentially a lady of strong personality, destined to command, and her knowledge of men and women is so wide, her disregard of petty restrictions so pronounced, that apparently nothing would stop her if she once made up her mind publicly to support a policy of emancipation.

As a Fencer

Miss Lowther has so many accomplishments that it is difficult to separate one from the other. As all the world knows, she is one of the most brilliant lady-fencers in Europe. Coming from a stock of vigorous patriots who have fought their country's battles at the point of the sword, she was early trained in the use of the rapier and the sword-stick, and, possessed of a lithe and hardy frame, it is small wonder that, at the age of eight, she could engage in a fencing-bout with her elders with all the confidence of an expert. Fencing is not an art for namby-pamby girls, or, indeed, for any girl who does not command more than the average amount of spirit and pluck, and Miss Lowther is, above all, a woman of indomitable nerve. At many a public assault-at-arms in Antwerp, Ghent, Brussels, and Paris, great crowds of foreign enthusiasts have gathered round the "stadium" to witness her skill and endurance, and, both against the leading amateurs and the foremost professionals, she has always managed to hold her own unflinchingly. It is no secret that Miss Lowther has a greater admiration for foreign fencers than for those masters of the art who hail from her own country, and certainly the former have returned the compliment by showering on the welcome intruder a full measure of whole-hearted praise. "Nothing has struck me more when fencing abroad," said Miss Lowther to me on one occasion, "than the sporting qualities of foreign fencers. They were always ready to offer me facilities for trying my hand against their champions, and no detail was too small for them to carry out with perfect taste. When I was in Paris, a few years ago, the various fencing masters invited me to visit their respective *salles d'armes*, and at each I found some of the best pupils waiting there to fence with me."

Photo *W. and D. Downey*

Miss Toupée Lowther

The well-known lady fencer, who also excels as a motorist, tennis player, and exponent of Ju-Jitsu

At the Wheel

When travelling abroad—and a lady of her active disposition never stays long in one place—Miss Lowther almost invariably uses her own 40 h.-p. Mercédès, and, needless to say, drives the car with her own hand. I should not like to hazard how fast Miss Lowther has driven through the country roads of France, or to speak of her dashing motoring exploits in some of the mountain passes of Germany—the authorities might get on the alert. But I do know that this intrepid sportswoman has secretly broken many a record on the Continent, and knows rural France, through the agency of her motor-car, better than any lady in this country.

With the Racket

Then, of course, Miss Lowther is far-famed as a lawn-tennis player, and were her temperament a trifle less impetuous, there is little doubt she would ere now have attained to championship honour. Her experience of every kind of court (from the wooden floor at Queen's to the sumptuous gravel court at Cannes) is unique; but she is probably seen to best advantage under cover, and she has more than once won the indoor championship. Her style is a combination of grace and aggressive zeal. The way in which Miss Lowther tackled Miss Sutton at Leicester last summer, and all but achieved a notable triumph, will not soon pass from memory. Miss Sutton was essentially a girl after her opponent's heart—tough, remorseless, and incapable of fatigue; it was a case of Greek *v.* Greek. And after the match was over Miss Lowther was discussing French philosophy with some learned spectator on one of the banks.

Music and Ju-Jitsu

I must not forget to add that Miss Lowther possesses a charming voice, and is musical to the tips of her fingers, or that she has recently become a passionate convert to the subtle mysteries of Ju-Jitsu, and is rapidly becoming a mistress of the art of throwing her adversary without apparent effort. The only pity is that her love for wrestling is interfering with her zest for fencing.

Golf Notes and Notions

A Review of the Year's Golf

We are fast approaching the last hole of the 1906 course, and, as is my custom, I propose to consider to-day how golf has fared during the year, and in what respects the game has improved or deteriorated as compared with past years.

There has certainly been no sign of any falling off in the popularity of our wonderful game. Its spread, like its motto, has been "far and sure," and the numbers of its devotees have increased with undiminished force. New clubs are springing up all over the country, while fresh territories have been annexed by the legions of golf the wide world over. The game is fast developing into *the* universal game, and bids fair to take the place in sport occupied universally—in matters social and charitable—by Freemasonry. Armed with his bag of clubs, the golfer is fairly sure of finding a welcome in the most distant lands; and I should imagine that if a modern Robinson Crusoe were cast away on an island he would discover Friday busily engaged in practising putting or approaching on some convenient spot of his sea-girt home.

Has Play Improved?

So much for the position of the game in its widest aspect. Now let us come to a closer view of it. Has the game, from a playing point of view, progressed since last year? Frankly speaking, I do not think there has been any marked improvement in play this year. The gulf between professional and amateur is just as wide and as deep as it was last year, but I do not think that either section has made any marked step forward. If I may be allowed an Irish expression, I should say that both divisions have progressed backwards, if we are to judge them by the two Championships. Neither in the Open nor in the Amateur Championship was the standard of play as high as in the previous year. In the case of the professionals, the deterioration was much slighter than in that of the amateurs.

Bad Putting

The department in which I noted most falling off among the professionals was in putting. The putting at Muirfield was truly atrocious, while I could see no alteration for the better in the putting shown in the match at Walton Heath the other day by either Braid, Vardon, Duncan, or Mayo. No doubt some of this inaccuracy may be attributed to the tricky nature of the rubber-core ball, but I do not believe that that is the complete explanation. May it not possibly be due to the overlapping or interlocked grip, which now nearly all of them have adopted, and which, while answering admirably for all other parts of the game, cramps the grip of the player too much for the delicate business of putting?

Amateur Superiority

I put out this suggestion for what it may be worth, merely noting, in support of the theory, the general superiority of amateurs in this department, who, as a body, have adopted the new grip in far fewer numbers than their professional rivals. But if the professionals have merely marked time, or have, in some respects, retrograded, what shall we say of the amateurs, who may be said to have reached the *nadir* of play at Hoylake this year? With the brilliant exceptions of Messrs. Maxwell and Graham, who made noble amends for their shortcomings at Hoylake by their brilliant display at Muirfield, we must, however, sadly and reluctantly, put the mark "very moderate" to the amateur class of play. It is true that Hoylake, like St. Andrews, is a very difficult and testing course, but, making all due allowance for this, we are still constrained to speak badly of the amateur display. However, this depression in play may be but the receding wave preliminary to a renewed flow of the tide in advance. I sincerely hope it may be so, and that at St. Andrews and Hoylake next year both divisions will brace themselves and eclipse all past records.

Photo *S. B. Perry*

A striking amateur photograph taken by the light of the second full moon in the same month!

A reader, acting on the information we gave in our issue of November 21 on moonlight photography, writes:—"Seeing that last month there were *two* full moons, which, as everyone knows, is an extraordinary occurrence—the moon being full both on November 1 and November 30—this photograph is particularly interesting. At 8.30 p.m. on the latter date, the camera was placed in position in a hedge and the plate given seven hours' exposure. The steeple seen is that of St. Edmund's Church, Kingsbridge, Devon"

Clubs and Balls

In the implements of the game there is no great novelty to note. The legal decision in favour of the "Kite" ball has led to an extraordinary multiplication of all sorts and conditions of rubber-cored balls bidding for the public favour. But so far the blessing of free trade in rubber-cored ball-making has led to very little diminution in price.

I must reserve further consideration of the year's golf for my next article.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe." (Heinemann: 21*s.* net.)
"The Sins of Society." By Father Bernard Vaughan. (Kegan Paul: 6*s.*)
"From Carpathian to Pindus." By Tereza Stratilesco. (Unwin.)
"Davray's Affairs." By Reginald Turner. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Eight Guests." By Percy White. (Constable: 6*s.*)
"Robin Goodfellow." By Helen H. Watson. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

Those "Hohenlohe Memoirs"!

I am beginning to wonder whether the Germans are the stolid, philosophical race that they are represented to be; whether Hans, with his peaked cap, his blouse, his heavy, drooping moustache, his pipe, and his beer-mug, is not just as vivid a misrepresentation of the German as John Bull is of the Englishman. Judging by his sensitiveness to "sensations," his hysterical surprise at anything of the nature of "revelations," Hans seems the reverse of his picture. For instance, the *Hohenlohe Memoirs*. Here is all Germany convulsed with amazement at—what? At the startling information that Bismarck was a boor, that his policy had the aggrandisement of Germany as its single aim — that, in fact, a certain celebrated leopard, recently deceased, actually had spots! There is a good deal about Bismarck in Hohenlohe's book that we had not actually heard, but seeing that we knew what we did know about the character and methods of the Iron Chancellor, it is strange that anything should surprise us. If there is anything that has more surprised the Germans than the "revelations" themselves, it is that any man should have been so bold as to have penned them, even for post-mortem publication. Where, again, is Hans's common-sene? The writer is an ex-Chancellor of Germany, a post which had outspokenness of speech and directness of action as its historical tradition. Its motto was to call a spade a spade. Chancellor Hohenlohe called it one. And all Germany is convulsed! Really, the Fatherland wants a diet and a three months' rest cure. Its nerves are in a shocking way. From the point of view of the reader, of course, the *Memoirs*, which are published by Heinemann (21*s.*), are excellent material as an intimate recent history of the German Empire, and, from the point of view of personal instruction, must of necessity be.

Mr. Percy White

Whose novel, "The Eight Guests," is published by Constable (6*s.*)

The Unsympathetic Wife

Not dead yet — the Society novel—at any rate, not while Messrs. Reginald Turner, Percy White, and others, are here to keep alive its traditions. In *Davray's Affairs* (Greening: 6*s.*), the former gives us one of those pleasing comedy stories, with sparkling dialogue and not too much strenuous incident, which we learned to love in the 'nineties, and had half-feared were extinct. Davray is a writer — the kind of writer who was epidemic in the 'nineties. He is married, but to one of those, oh! so good and so angelic souls, who understand him not. Davray gets infatuated with another woman—his wife sits and yearns, yearns for the love and the sympathy that should be hers. Happily, in the end she wins it. Her strayed husband comes back to the fold, embraces his Helen, and admits her to that *sanctum sanctorum*—his literary mind—from which before, through apparent lack of sympathy, she had been excluded.

The Bold, Bad Millionaire

Mr. Percy White is no less happy in *The Eight Guests*. A typical Jewish millionaire loves a typical English maiden, and that she may be induced to marry him, invites her to be one of a select yachting party supposed to be making for an island in search of treasure. One of the other guests is the millionaire's avowed rival for the lady's hand, and the millionaire aims at his discredit and defeat. Awkwardly, the scheme "gangs agley," for the yacht, while its owner is ashore on the treasure island, gets adrift and founders. The "eight guests" are, however, saved, and landed back again in London. The millionaire's matrimonial plans, of course, quite fall to the ground, as such unscrupulous schemes should. A very bright story, though the vulgar brutality of the principal character is apt to pall just a little, even when contrasted with the lily-white excellence of the heroine and the sterling British worth of her true lover.

"The Sins of Society"

The sermons published under the title of *The Sins of Society* (Kegan Paul: 6*s.*), by Father Bernard Vaughan, of Farm Street, may, or may not, have weight with those against whom they are directed. I sincerely hope, if "Society" is all that the pastor makes it out to be, that his words *will* have weight.

As literary documents, the sermons are frankly indifferent. Though each of the five addresses were preached to a definite scriptural text—the stories, respectively, of the Prodigal Son, the Pharisee and the Publican, Dives and Lazarus, Herod and John the Baptist, the Saviour and the Sinner—in no sense can any of them be described as "preached to" their texts. Father Vaughan's method is to take a scriptural story, re-tell it in glowing colours, brush it up with a little topical humour, and then, the mouth of his congregation duly opened, and its hair duly raised, to begin a tirade about Society and its various sins which has the barest possible direct connection with the text. The "Prodigal Son" provides the excuse for a tirade against "Smart Set" gambling; "Dives and Lazarus" leads on to an indictment of the extravagant habits of the modern entertainer. The episode of the "Tetrarch and the Baptist"—better known as the story of Salome—is used as the pivot of a scathing indictment of modern woman's neglect of the maternal duties, though the exact connection between the text and the theme is not easy to trace.

The Sermon in Literature

However, to labour the absence of literary finish in *The Sins of Society* were, after all, a little purposeless. Probably the worst test of a sermon's effectiveness as a sermon is that it "reads well." We all know the literary sermon. We listen to it as we do to a Bach fugue—with deep regard for its exactitude, its roundness, its balance—for everything but its power to arouse the emotions. Father Vaughan's sermons are not literary; but I imagine their power to call sinners to repentance (and the righteous to righteousness) is enormous, the chief reason of their power being that the Pastor appeals to men as human beings, and submits to them a perfectly reasonable scheme of self-salvation—so reasonable, in fact, that I foresee, in a year or two, it will be "positively dowdy, my dear," not to be among those who have accepted it.

"From Carpathian to Pindus"

Roumania, though by far the most advanced and individual of the Balkan States—and by far the most respectably governed—seems, somehow, to have missed attracting its due meed of Western attention. Perhaps this is because Roumania has, fairly consistently, behaved itself. It has neither fomented frontier wars, nor subsidised brigands, nor exterminated its dynasty, nor, in fact, done any of the things which are expected of a Balkan State; hence it has not been very much talked about in England. We ought to know more of Roumania and its people if for only one reason, a reason vividly brought home to us in a book just published, called *From Carpathian to Pindus*, by Tereza Stratilesco (Fisher Unwin), and that is because of the remarkable affinity of the Roumanian language with that of the Western Powers. It is a little difficult to realise that this "wild" people of the East, semi-barbarians as some may suppose them, speak a tongue which is almost as close to Latin as is Italian or Spanish. The fact is established by the author of the book, who, in the course of some new and interesting details concerning the ways of the Roumanian peasantry, quotes extensively from the native poetry. Anyone acquainted with Latin and its modern adaptations could, practically, read off an average Roumanian verse, nearly every word of which is of exact derivation, as for instance, *moar.e*—death, *Doamne*—lord, *tara*—land, *negre*—black, *mană*—the hand, *luna*—the moon, *carne*—meat, *om*—the man. In fact, there are very few words in these Roumanian poems that cannot easily be recognised by the Western, and the fact that this is so, and that over there, in the midst of Slavonic and Moslem Europe, rests a nation which has a more classically respectable language than either Britain or Germany, is somewhat striking; and as, one of these days, some BYSTANDER reader may find himself in Roumania, it is perhaps as well to warn him to be careful of his language—there is a chance of its being *understood*. The book, in addition to its poetic extracts, contains some most interesting views of life in Roumania, and also an example or two of the national music. V. C.

Some Invaluable Annuals

Not a moment too soon have we received a copy of *Who's Who* for 1907 (10*s.* net), for the 1906 volume has reached a ripe and tattered old age through constant reference. *Who's Who* for this year is almost double the size it was two years ago, and now contains twenty thousand biographies. *Who's Who Year Book* is published as a supplement, and contains a mass of useful information. We wonder how we ever got on before the days of *Who's Who*, and everyone who writes, reads, or talks must have a copy.

Another indispensable reference book is *Debrett* (Royal Edition: 31*s.* 6*d.*). This standard Peerage makes as handsome a volume as it has in past years, and contains full information regarding all matters pertaining to peers, baronets, and knights. Is Sir —— a knight or baronet? Do you want to know the coat of arms of any peer? What title is the former Mr. —— now known by? Do you wish to know who Lord So-and-So is? For all these questions consult *Debrett*.

Hazell's is an ever-welcome annual volume of reference. The issue for 1907, just to hand, contains several new and interesting features. In addition to recording the news of the world up to date, it contains special articles which have been prepared and written by experts, dealing with the principal events which have occurred in the world during 1906. Thus we have the latest information on Russian politics; on events in the United States, including the important matter of that country's Trust difficulties; and on France and its new Separation Law troubles. The earthquakes which have troubled the world in 1906 have been specially dealt with, both as to their causes and effects. These articles make *Hazell's Annual* for this year of special value. The price is 3*s.* 6*d.* net, and it is published by Hodder and Stoughton, London. Mr. W. Palmer, the editor, is to be congratulated upon having produced one of the best editions of *Hazell's Annual* yet issued during the twenty-two years of its existence.

That other hardy annual, *Whitaker's Almanack*, is still well to the fore, and contains information on almost any subject it is possible to think of. If you want to know anything about the Astronomer Royal, the 1906 Budget, the Galapagos Islands, Proportionate Logarithms, Protection of Lobsters and Crabs, or the year's weather, consult *Whitaker*, and you will there find accurate and full information.

Whitaker's Peerage, Knightage, and Baronetage contains, in a condensed and useful form, a mass of information on these subjects.

Another Christmas Number

The Christmas *Bookseller* is really an excellent production. If any are in doubt as to what books to choose for Christmas presents, their difficulty will be solved by consulting this publication.

Public Schools at Play

RUGBY MATCH BETWEEN HAILEYBURY AND THE LEYS SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE

"Old Boy" Undergrads off to see the match

"Old Boys" from the 'Varsity are always well represented at these inter-school matches

A fine collar by the Leys

The Leys School won the match by 4 tries to nil

A group of the players

Both Haileybury and the Leys School are of comparatively recent foundation, but although neither have been in existence or half a century, they are both in the first rank of the public schools of England. The Leys School, Cambridge, has the distinction of being the largest and principal Nonconformist school, while Haileybury is, of course, the great "Indian Civil" and "Army" School, over whose destinies the Hon. Canon Lyttelton, now of Eton, ruled for a long time

Photos] **The Leys School Buildings, Cambridge**

The School buildings are very fine, and contain admirable accommodation in the way of laboratories, etc.

An improvised grand stand [*Dixon*

How some enterprising youths managed to see the match—the point of vantage being the top of the pavilion, some 25 ft. to 30 ft. from the ground

Hockey

Several important hockey matches had to be scratched on Saturday owing to the state of the ground, notably Southgate *v.* Hampstead and Staines *v.* Ealing. Both the 'Varsity teams were beaten—Oxford by East Sheen and Cambridge by Willesden and Harrow. The latter result, at any rate, was hardly anticipated, for Oxford had just previously beaten Willesden and Harrow, and are not supposed to be as good, so far, as Cambridge, who, a few days earlier, gained a decisive victory over the Hawks.

The 'Varsity Rugger Match: A Grand Game and a Smoky Ending

After the experiences of the past week or so, I feel inclined to imitate "Dagonet" in the *Referee* and sprinkle my notes with one-line paragraphs like this :—

* * *

Rugger matches in December ought to start before 2.40.

* * *

The 'Varsity match was so well worth seeing that it was a great pity that during the second half it could only be seen properly while the game was going on under one's nose. It was the old story—an unpunctual start ten minutes after the advertised time (2.30), which was in itself too late; the delay on this occasion being due to the fact that the referee was behind time and that somebody had to be fished out to take on the job until he turned up. There was a little of the usual Queen's Club mist about, though not much, but, to make matters worse, one of the Club chimneys got on fire, and there was just wind enough to distribute a thin cloud of smoke all over the ground. But this would hardly have mattered earlier in the afternoon. All the people who go to this match are enthusiasts; for many of them it is *the* big Rugby event of the year, and I am sure they would gladly turn up at two, with a prospect of really being able to see the whole match. Moreover, in an important match like this, if the referee is not on the premises at least a quarter of an hour before the start, it should surely be someone's duty to hunt up another one there and then, in order to avoid any possible risk of delay.

The Great Men of the Game

I believe that Cambridge made a great mistake in putting McLeod on the wing when it was found that Koop was not fit enough to play. I don't say that they would have won if they had not done so, but I do think that they would have had a better chance of winning. The great man of the side, who is equally formidable in attack and defence, ought to be in the middle, where he is pretty sure of getting the most work of both kinds. As it was, Vassall, the Oxford right centre, who proved himself the great man of the Oxford side, was the most conspicuous three-quarter on the field,

The Oxford and Cambridge Match at Queen's Club: A struggle for possession
Oxford won the match by four tries to a goal and a try

Colman's D. S. F. Mustard

in the Bathroom.

A gentleman recently discovered that a tablespoonful of Colman's Mustard put in the bath, after he had spent a day in the field, made "a new man" of him. The bath itself was delightfully refreshing, while its effect on tired limbs and weary heads was wonderful. With many sportsmen, athletes and brain-workers, a bath with Colman's Mustard is now a "habit," while many ladies can bear testimony to its exhilarating and refreshing effects and its influence on their health and beauty.

Reg. S.H.B.

L. & N. W. R.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

From EUSTON

and other London Stations

TO	DATE.
IRELAND	Dec. 21 and 24
SCOTLAND (including Carlisle)	Dec. 21, 24, and 28
Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds Districts	Dec. 21, 22, and 24
Blackpool ... ... English Lakes, Bolton, Blackburn, Nelson, Colne, North Staffordshire Districts	Dec. 22 and 24
South and Central Wales	Dec. 22 and 24
North Wales... ... ... Cambrian Lines	Dec. 22
Birmingham District ...	Dec. 22, 24, and 26

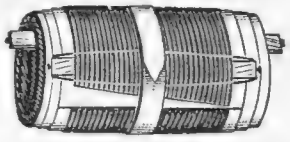
FOR FULL PARTICULARS OBTAIN A PAMPHLET at any of the Company's Stations or Town Offices, or write to the Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.

FREDERICK HARRISON,
December, 1906. *General Manager.*

THE TRAVELLER

Trouser Stretcher & Press

Patent No. 22,646. And in U.S.A.



Rolled Up. In Work.

- - 10/6 - -

Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

This press is not merely made or intended for Travel-use alone. Although it weighs but 1½lbs., and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots, it is as efficient in every respect as the cumbrous Wooden Press. It stretches and presses every part of the trousers, and even if three pairs be inserted, the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is made for All-round use—Home or Travel.

Full particulars on application.

T. M. Lewin, 18, Jermyn St., London, W.

because he was the right man in the right place, whereas McLeod's great powers were, to a large extent, wasted on the wing. But there was another great man on the Cambridge side — Scoular, to wit — and he, without doubt, acquitted himself right well. In fact, he played so finely that Oxford have reason to congratulate themselves on having won, in spite of him.

The Oxford Backs Come Out Strong

The tipsters were right for once, but I don't think that anybody quite expected Oxford to play the game they did. "Strong forwards and weak backs" was the almost universal criticism of their form before the match, whereas, in the event, they proved to be a good level team, with plenty of scoring power, and no particular weakness except in their kicking and touch-finding, which was only very so-so. The backs were much better than they were expected to be; collectively, at any rate, they were better than the Cambridge backs. Vassall has, of course, been accused of selfishness, because

Kent v. Cambridge Ladies' Hockey Match at Bickley: Kent clear from a dangerous position

The match resulted in a win to Kent of 2 goals to nil

there were one or two occasions when he might have passed with advantage, and didn't; but it was just because he did not always make the expected pass he was so formidable. In fact, the strength of the Oxford attack as a whole lay in the fact that it never became stereotyped. But just as the backs did more than was expected of them, so I think the forwards did a little less. They certainly went all out from the very start, and in the first half their work, both in the scrum and in the open, was excellent; but they failed to keep it up all through the second. Towards the end their heavier opponents frequently beat them in the scrum, and when once Cambridge began to get the ball a bit more, there was nothing to choose between the two teams. In fact, if McLeod had not made a fruitless drop at goal, when he looked to have a clear run in, Cambridge might have won. All the same, I think that on the day's play, Oxford deserved their victory. Of their four tries, Wix's was a clever one, for he got the ball from a throw in close to the corner flag and literally took a header with it; but Steinthal's was even more remarkable. Batchelor had got to within a yard of the line when he was floored, but he managed while falling to pass back to Steinthal, who was close behind, and Steinthal, in gaining the try, jumped clean over him.

Christmas Travelling Arrangements

London and North-Western Railway

There will be cheap bookings to the principal provincial towns, North and Central Wales, Cambrian Coast, Lake District, Blackpool, Isle of Man, Scotland, and Ireland. Week-end tickets issued on Fridays and Saturdays, December 21, 22, 28, and 29, to seaside and inland pleasure resorts, and to stations in Scotland, which will be available for the return journey (where train service permits) on the following Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. The ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, December 17, to Monday, December 24, inclusive.

Great Central Railway

Most extensive arrangements have been made for the running of express trains, with buffet-car accommodation, at excursion fares, from Marylebone on Saturday, December 22, and Monday, December 24, to more than two hundred of the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the general districts of the North. By applying at Marylebone Station, or any of the company's town offices or agencies, or sending a post-card to the Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W., intending passengers will be supplied with an A B C Excursion Programme.

Great Northern Railway

Excursions will be run to all the principal stations in the North Eastern District, and Scotland, on Fridays, December 21 and 28, for six, eight, or seventeen days, also on Monday, December 24, for three, five, or sixteen days; also to the principal stations in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and the North Eastern District, on Saturday, December 22nd, Monday, December 24, for periods varying from three to eight days, whilst on each of these dates special midnight excursions will also be run for convenient periods to the principal stations in the West Riding District and Lancashire. Saturday to Monday and week-end tickets will be available for return up to and including the following Wednesday.

Christmas on the Continent

Tickets at reduced fares will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway to Brussels, *via* Harwich and Antwerp, on December 21, 22, 24, and 26, available for eight days. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can be obtained at the Continental Enquiry or Booking Offices, Liverpool Street Station. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on December 19 and 22 for Hamburg, returning December 26 and 29. The Danish Royal Mail steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen will leave Harwich for Esbjerg, on the West coast of Denmark, on Thursday, December 20, and Saturday, 22nd; returning Tuesday, 25th, and Wednesday, 26th.

London and South-Western Railway

The principal expresses will be duplicated, and cheap week-tickets will be issued on Friday and Saturday to Lyme Regis, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Ilfracombe, Bodmin, Wadebridge, Padstow, and Newquay. On Friday, December 21, the 5.50 p.m. dining-car train from Waterloo to Exeter and Plymouth will also convey passengers to Ilfracombe, Padstow, Bude, and other North Devon and North Cornwall line stations. Special trains will leave Waterloo just after midnight on Saturday and Monday, December 22 and 24, for Exeter, Exmouth, Tavistock, Plymouth, Bodmin, Camelford, Launceston, Bude, Ilfracombe, Bideford, etc. On the Monday only, late trains will run from Waterloo to Southampton, Bournemouth, Weymouth, Sidmouth, Lyme Regis, Yeovil, Bath, Salisbury, and other stations in East Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Hants, and Wilts. Any who may wish to spend the holiday at Bournemouth, "England's Riviera," where the fashionable winter season is now in full swing, will find every facility provided, including an admirable service of express trains, performing the journey in about two hours.

JAMES BUCHANAN & Co.Y LTD.,

SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS

Proprietors of

"BLACK & WHITE"

Automobile Topics.

By DOUGLAS MILLER

The Lights of Paris

The brilliant display of illuminations at the Paris Salon Motor Exhibition has been the talk of all motordom. As a spectacle, this year's Show has never been surpassed, and the attendance of the sight-seeing public has been phenomenal. From an instructive or commercial point of view, however, it must be confessed that the Exhibition falls short even of the modified expectations formed prior to the opening; and it is notable that the Parisian Press, in dealing with the various exhibits, are forced to admit that novelties are few and far between. It may be admitted that we have now arrived at a point when marked improvement in motor mechanics becomes yearly less pronounced, but after all the blowing of trumpets which heralded the approach of the Paris *Salon*, it is somewhat disappointing to find so little substantial progress manifested. What improvements are to be seen are chiefly matters of minor detail, such as water circulation and lubrication. There is, of course, the all-important question of the number of cylinders, and it is gratifying to British automobilists to note in how many instances the leading French makers are now copying the six-cylinder models first successfully exploited in this country. The Darracq, Brasier, Hotchkiss, Bollée, Berliet, Gladiator, Mors, Vinot, Bolide, and La Buire firms are among the more prominent French manufacturers who have adopted the six-cylinder principle. In the matter of horse-power the tendency is towards reduction. From 25 to 30 h.-p. is probably about the average of the cars on view, and there is also noticeable a welcome increase of standardisation, with consequent reduction in price. Despite the comparative absence of innovation, there is everywhere evidence that the French motor manufacturers fully realise the strength of the competition they now encounter from other countries, more especially Britain and Italy, and in many cases there has been shown marked improvement in construction and in the selection of material. The *Salon* remains open until Christmas Day.

Car-icatures: VI.—Mr. A. J. Wilson
Popularly known as "Faed.' In spite of his much-regretted infirmity of deafness, Mr. Wilson has established a position second to none as a motor publicist
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

Roadside Repairs

The "handy-man" in motor matters is seldom at a loss when troubles assail. Mr. R. J. Mecredy, in the *Motor News*, tells of an ingenious expedient adopted by the owner of a small two-seated car when "hung up" by reason of the blowing out of the low-tension magneto igniter. The motorist in question had no spare, and his problem was to prevent the compression escaping through the hole in the igniter plug, so that he could run the car on the supplementary coil and accumulator ignition. He detached the low-tension wire, removed the spark plate, and reversed the position of the igniter spindle which had blown out. The pressure inside the cylinder kept the thumb-screw on the end of the spindle sufficiently tight to prevent undue leakage of compression, and in that manner the car was driven home a distance of some fourteen miles.

* * *

Daimler Records, and others

An interesting record of the successes scored in the past season's motor contests, especially hill climbs, has been compiled by the Daimler Company, of Coventry. The book is beautifully illustrated, and forms an admirable souvenir of most of the important and interesting gatherings of 1906. From the office of *The Car Illustrated* emanates a concise little volume dealing with the history of the first ten years of automobilism in this country, edited by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. The frontispiece is an admirably reproduced photograph of the late Herr Gottlieb Daimler, "the father of automobilism," as we know it, and in addition to an illuminating and comprehensive introduction by Lord Montagu, there are chapters on the development of public opinion by Lord Northcliffe, some reminiscences and anticipations — very intelligent — by Sir David Salomons, Bart., and some "Memories" by that well-known Scottish enthusiast, Sir John MacDonald, K.C., K.C.B. Lord Eversley, Mr. T. R. B. Elliott, Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, Mr. S. F. Edge, Mr. Worby Beaumont, Mr. Claude Johnson, Mr. R. J. Mecredy, Mr. C. L. Freeston,

PRATT'S MOTOR SPIRIT

THE FIRST IN THE FIELD.
STILL TO THE FRONT.

STILL MAINTAINS ITS PREMIER POSITION
FOR
QUALITY AND EFFICIENCY.

See that all cans are properly sealed.

IMPORTANT TO ALL MOTOR-CAR OWNERS AND MANUFACTURERS:

If you want your Car to look smart, try "Rolledge," and you will not regret it.

"ROLLEDGE" (REGD.)

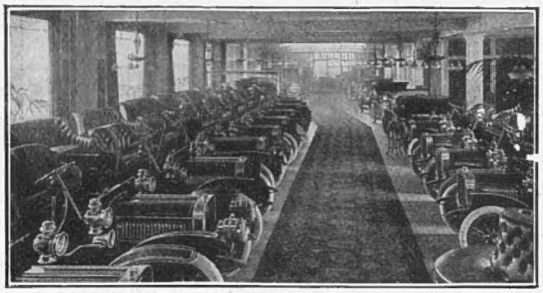
AUTO-POLISH.

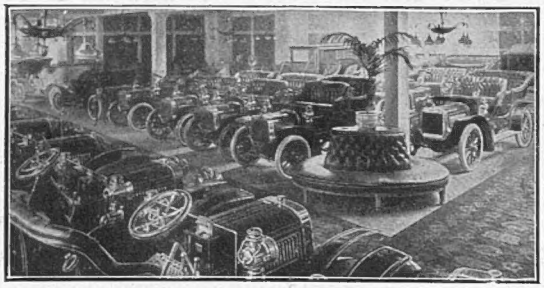
Absolutely Unique for
CLEANING,
PRESERVING,
AND
WATER-PROOFING
all Leather and Enamelled parts of
MOTOR CARS.

Obtainable in all colours from the leading Motor Stores, Grocers, Dry-salters, &c.

MADE ONLY BY
E. BROWN & SON,
Manufacturers of the Celebrated "Meltonian" Blacking, "Meltonian" and "Lutetian" Creams, and other Boot Preparations.
7, CARRICK ST., LONDON, and 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.

THE FINEST CAR and the FINEST SHOWROOMS IN LONDON.





AN AVENUE OF ARGYLL CARS AT 17, NEWMAN STREET.

TRIAL RUNS ON ARGYLLS

may be had on any one of thirty different types of cars—the largest range of choice in the Kingdom. The driver will start and stop on the steepest hills—a test some makers will not allow. The 16-20 h.-p. four-cylinder Argyll at £475 is acclaimed by Press and public the best value in high-class cars on the market.

ARGYLLS LONDON LTD

(EUSTACE H. WATSON, Chairman and Managing Director)

17, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.

Telephones: 2641 and 2642 Gerrard. Telegrams: "CARGUILESS, LONDON."

Mr. A. J. Wilson, and Mr. G. Foster Pedley are other contributors whose work is worthy of all honourable mention.

* * *

Retaliation

Motoring readers of THE BYSTANDER would do well when renewing licences for cars, armorial bearings, guns, men-servants, carriages, and dogs, to support those counties which have refrained from police-trapping and the general persecution of automobilists which is in places all too common. It is quite a simple matter to procure the necessary document from the county town of, say, such a county as Cornwall or Somerset, fill in the required particulars, and forward a cheque. The county revenues benefit thereby, and an appreciation of pro-motor sympathy is effectively acknowledged.

* * *

Miscellanea

Councillor G. H. Warne, of Worthing, is organising a fund to defray the expenses of a motor carnival and battle of flowers at Worthing next Easter.—The membership roll of the A.C.G.B. and I. now totals 4,101.—The current number of the *British Medical Journal* contains an instructive article on motor ophthalmia. The use of smoked or coloured "goggles" is deprecated by the writer, a prominent ophthalmic surgeon.—Neatly bound in red leather, the Continental Tyre Company's 1907 Note-book makes a welcome appearance. Such apposite axioms as "Take curves slowly to reduce your tyre bill," "See to your studs when fitting new tyres," and "Insufficiently inflated tyres never last long," are jotted at the foot of the pages with refreshing frequency. Mr. Paul Brodtmann will forward the booklet on application to him at 102, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.—A twenty-four-cylinder Antoinette motor of 360 h.-p. is being shown at the Paris *Salon*.—Exhibitors at the first French Motor Show in 1898 numbered 350. This year there are over 1,500 firms displaying their wares.—A new type of live axle is shown by the F.I.A.T. people in Paris. It is split vertically, with the two halves bolted together.—Under the auspices of the Automobile Association of Bengal, a Motor Exhibition is to be held in Calcutta from January 28 to February 6, 1907.—Police traps are in active operation at Thornton Heath on the Brighton Road, at Handcross Hill, and on the descent to Preston Park. Maidenhead, also, is a centre of constabulary duty at the moment.

The manufacturers of the well-known Straker Squire "C.S.B." cars have just issued an attractive and full catalogue of their latest cars, which will be of great interest to motorists. These cars are very simple in control, economical in running, very quiet, and, owing to the excellence of the lubricating arrangements, clean and quite smokeless. One of these cars has just completed a highly satisfactory four-thousand miles trial. Readers who contemplate purchasing a new car should write to Messrs. Straker and Squire, Nelson Square, S.E., mentioning this paper, when a copy of the catalogue will be sent them.

Photo *Topical Agency*

General view of the Paris Salon of 1906

This year's Motor Show—the ninth held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of France—is remarkable for the beauty of its decorations, and the absence of constructional and mechanical novelties

How to Preserve Health and Prolong Life

DR. ANDREW WILSON'S OPINION.

In an interesting little work, recently published, Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., makes the following statements:—

"Physiologists have been impressing upon us of late days that the limit of life is not bounded by the threescore and ten years of the Psalmist. They give us many examples of persons who died at ages varying from ninety to a hundred years. Certain enthusiasts tell us that if we lived more carefully we should increase the span of existence as a natural result. These opinions find a good deal of support in facts, but it is evident, at the same time, that many persons are not able to adjust their lives so as to attain to a ripe old age. There is the danger of wearing out prematurely to be faced—a danger caused, or at least favoured, by the excessive wear and tear to which the modern man is subjected. Now, among the measures which may be recommended to our attention by way of lengthening life's span, I think the use of Sanatogen is one of the most important and interesting."

In explaining why he formed this opinion, Dr. Wilson proceeds:—

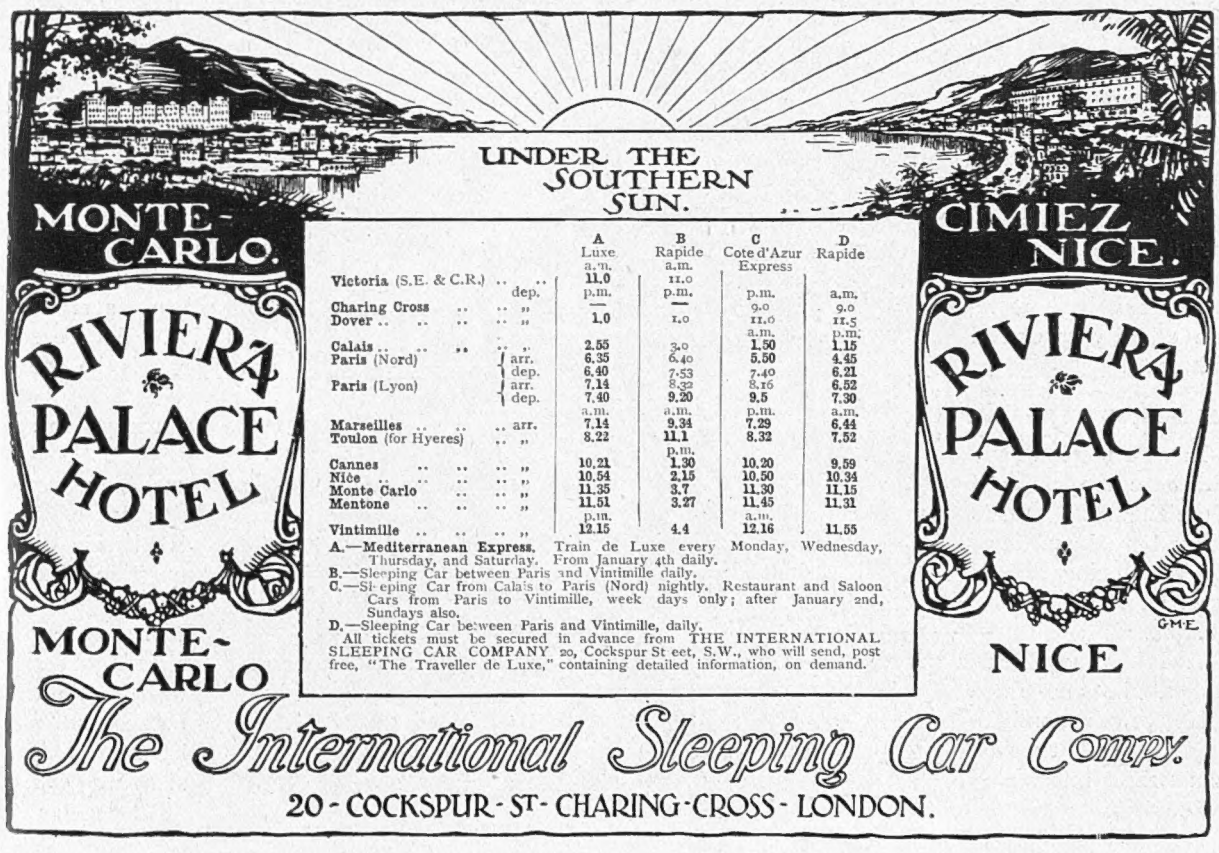
"Now, it is of no service to prescribe medicine by way of arming ourselves against weakness. Medicine is given to cure disease; it cannot build up the body or impart strength and vigour. Suppose a preparation is found which, taken whenever the vital powers begin to flag, will restore them in as natural a fashion as if by taking food and drink, such an agent deserves to be welcomed by everybody. Now, Sanatogen is truly to be regarded as a preparation of this kind. Let the overworked man give it a fair trial. It will restore his vigour, and, by strengthening him, give him literally a new lease of life.

"What is Sanatogen? is a query which may be answered by saying that it is in no sense a 'secret' remedy. Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it. It combines two distinct elements, one *tonic*, and the other *nutritive*. The tonic element is represented by a compound of phosphorus. It is the glycero-phosphate of sodium, and it represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system.

"But Sanatogen also contains a food (casein) derived from fresh cow's milk, which performs the duty of building up the body and of giving to the muscles and other organs their needed nutriment. It is this combination of tonic and restoring properties which places Sanatogen in a unique position among modern preparations for the prevention and cure of disease. Its great merit is that it can be taken under all ordinary circumstances of life. It does not upset the system. Its action is of a thoroughly natural kind. It is easily assimilated. The weary tissues, hungry for their proper nourishment, seize on Sanatogen and quickly absorb it, applying it to their various wants, with the result that enfeeblement quickly disappears, and the system is restored to its normal and natural state.

"Mark, it is no panacea, and still less an elixir of life. No ridiculous claims of this kind could ever be put forward in support of its use. But if the nervous system is the first part of our bodily belongings to feel the effects of wear and tear, it follows that anything which will brace up that system, give it tone, husband its resources, and counteract the effects of fatigue, must affect very powerfully our chances of living long in the land. The idea of Sanatogen as an aid to longevity is worth bearing in mind. This is one of its excellences in addition to its other virtues."

These words are to be found in the author's booklet, entitled *The Art of Living*. The publishers, Messrs. F. Williams and Co., 83, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., are sending, free of cost, a copy of *The Art of Living* to every *bonâ fide* applicant who wishes to know more about the preparation, and mentions THE BYSTANDER in his application. Sanatogen, by the way, is sold in packets at 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.*, and can be had from all chemists.



	A Luxe	B Rapide	C Cote d'Azur Express	D Rapide
	a.m.	a.m.		
Victoria (S.E. & C.R.)	11.0	11.0		
dep.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Charing Cross .. .. ,,	—	—	9.0	9.0
Dover .. .. ,,	1.0	1.0	11.0	11.5
	..	..	a.m.	p.m.
Calais .. .. ,,	2.55	3.0	1.50	1.15
Paris (Nord) arr.	6.35	6.40	5.50	4.45
Paris (Nord) dep.	6.40	7.53	7.40	6.21
Paris (Lyon) arr.	7.14	8.32	8.16	6.52
Paris (Lyon) dep.	7.40	9.20	9.5	7.30
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Marseilles .. .. .. arr.	7.14	9.34	7.29	6.44
Toulon (for Hyeres) .. ,,	8.22	11.1	8.32	7.52
		p.m.		
Cannes .. .. .. ,,	10.21	1.30	10.20	9.59
Nice .. .. .. ,,	10.54	2.15	10.50	10.34
Monte Carlo .. .. ,,	11.35	3.7	11.30	11.15
Mentone .. .. .. ,,	11.51	3.27	11.45	11.31
	p.m.		a.m.	
Vintimille .. .. .. ,,	12.15	4.4	12.16	11.55

A.—Mediterranean Express. Train de Luxe every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. From January 4th daily.
B.—Sleeping Car between Paris and Vintimille daily.
C.—Sleeping Car from Calais to Paris (Nord) nightly. Restaurant and Saloon Cars from Paris to Vintimille, week days only; after January 2nd, Sundays also.
D.—Sleeping Car between Paris and Vintimille, daily.
All tickets must be secured in advance from THE INTERNATIONAL SLEEPING CAR COMPANY 20, Cockspur Street, S.W., who will send, post free, "The Traveller de Luxe," containing detailed information, on demand.

FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Everything comes to him who waits. And the emphasis is very much on the masculine gender in the case of fancy waistcoats. These have been steadily working to the front for some years past, and, well! the wearers have shown a more than usual readiness to accept the departure; consequently, it has arrived. In fact, I am disposed to find, from my own particular vantage point, that fancy sewn waistcoats for men, and knitted motor scarves for the other sex, are the chosen home productions for this Christmas season of grace '06.

Thanks, however, to an influential pioneering house, not a hundred miles removed from Sloane Street, the knitted variety of vest, never a wholly satisfactory affair from the point of view of accurate fit, has given way before the superior advantages of embroidered canvas and perforated cloth. Discussions, weighty with importance, have been held daily over the rival merits of the varied stitches, and eyes, affectionately disposed malewards, worn dim in pursuit of the persuasive, represented by worked waistcoats.

Christmas Gifts for Men

In case there are any who have not yet heard of the Thermos Bottle, do let me have the privilege of enlightening their ignorance. The Thermos is a scientific fact: briefly, two glass bottles, the one fitted inside the other, and the air permanently expelled from the intervening space. The consequence of which is that, at whatever temperature any fluid is poured in, coffee, soup, milk, tea, what you will, and screened down, the liquid will be in precisely the same condition at the end of twenty-four hours. For motoring, of course, the Thermos is invaluable, and shooting men have already discovered its virtues. Nor, as such things go, can it possibly be considered expensive, 15*s.* for a pint size, and a guinea for a quart, since that includes the obviously necessary metal cover.

Another manly accessory that is well worthy attention is a set, comprising gold tie-clip, safety pin, holder and pin with pearl ends, all tastefully laid out in velvet-lined case, only £2 10*s.* A silver concave military hair-brush is distinctly clever, with a tortoise-shell comb slipped into a cavity at the top of the brush. The latest cigarette case, by the way, is striped in diagonal lines with gold, and, as befits modern exigencies, is kept as thin as is compatible with practical service.

A Paquin design in dark green and black stripes, relieved by red wine-coloured velvet collar to the coat

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

Paquin, Dover Street

There is going to be an obsession in our midst, and it has to do with stripes. Paquin, I need scarcely say, is the chief instigator, for one has come to accept these decrees as invariable from this house. It is beside the question altogether that stripes have already got Paris by the throat, because, until we have enjoyed a similar experience ourselves, no amount of talking will